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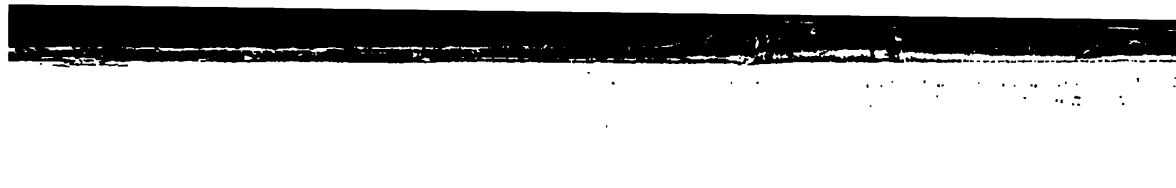
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ADMIRAL HEIHACHIRO TOGO.

IN TOGO'S COUNTRY

SOME STUDIES IN SATSUMA AND
OTHER LITTLE KNOWN
PARTS OF JAPAN

By

HENRY B. SCHWARTZ, M. A.

With many Illustrations
from Photographs

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Grad
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To

THREE FRIENDS

Whose love and sympathy, a heritage
from university days, still bless
my mature manhood,
this little book is
Dedicated

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PREFACE.

IT has been my privilege to live in Japan since 1893. For the most of these fourteen years my lot has been cast in places which no tourist's eye hath seen, and in paths where no globe trotter's foot hath passed. My familiarity with these little-known parts of the empire, and especially the interest which attaches to Satsuma, form the only justification I can plead in adding another to the list of books on Japan.

The chapters which make up the book were written at different periods during those years of Japanese life. Many of them were thought out while traveling on foot or in jinrikisha, and were written down in evenings spent in Japanese inns. In gathering them up for publication, I have modified them but little, and any discrepancies they may show are due to the different dates at which they were written.

It is impossible for me to acknowledge all my obligations, but I wish especially to thank Mr. T. Komatsu for the design of the cover, and Mr. K. Suzuki for permission to use original photographs. I am also under great obligations to Prof. James Main Dixon for valuable suggestions and for his services in reading proof and seeing the volume through the press.

HENRY B. SCHWARTZ.

Kagoshima, May 6, 1907.

IN TOGO'S COUNTRY.

IN TOGO'S COUNTRY.

MODERN Japan is not a mere artificial growth, built upon the surface of the ground like a house upon the sands. Modern Japan is a splendid cedar rooting itself deeply in the past and growing out of the national history and life, which we must understand if we would know the influences which have shaped the men of to-day.

Among these men, Togo, Oyama, and Kuroki have taken the strongest hold on the popular thought of the Western world, and a study of the conditions which produced them will be interesting and profitable. Fortunately, this task is made easier from the fact that all three are natives of the same province—a province, too, where ancient conditions prevailed longer and are easier of study than in any other part of the empire. That province is Satsuma, called in feudal times, from its power and wealth, the lord of the provinces of Japan.

Even before the fame of the men whom the war has lifted into prominence had made the whole world familiar with the name of the province, Satsuma was not unknown outside of Japan, for the famous faience, the "old Satsuma" of our collectors, had carried the name of the province to the ends of the earth. In addition to her pottery, the province was noted for two other products to which she had given her name. These were a kind of cotton cloth, called *Sat-*

suma Gasuri, and the sweet potato, known in Japan as the "Satsuma" potato. Considered in the order of their importance to the people of the province, these productions should be considered in exactly the opposite order, for what the common potato is to Ireland the sweet potato has been to Satsuma. To it the province undoubtedly owed much of her former power and influence. The introduction of the sweet potato is traced to a basket of the tubers which, in 1698, the King of Loo Choo presented to the Prince of Satsuma. The prince caused them to be planted in the island of Tanegashima, and from there they soon spread all over the province. From Satsuma they have been introduced in comparatively recent years to almost all parts of the empire. Much of Satsuma is too hilly for rice land, but the sweet potato can be grown anywhere. It requires little cultivation and yields a large amount of food from a very small acreage. Boiled with millet, the sweet potato forms the common diet of almost all the farmers and poorer people of the province. By its aid the rough and not over-fertile country sustains a vast population, and in feudal times was able to support a larger number of soldiers than any other province. Thanks to this humble tuber, the dreadful famines which in olden times devastated so many of the fairest provinces of Japan remained wholly unknown in Satsuma.

Satsuma gasuri is a kind of blue cotton cloth with white specks woven into it. It forms the ordinary dress of the Satsuma people. Like the potato, it had its origin in Loo Choo, where a better quality of the cloth is still woven and



Villa of the Prince of Satsuma at Kagoshima

whence the wild indigo, with which it is dyed, is still imported.

If the first two of the three famous products of Satsuma constitute the daily food and dress of the greater part of the people of the province, the last, the famous faience, was a thing the common people never saw. The best specimens were manufactured by the prince's order for his own use and were never offered for sale. Like so many other things Japanese, the Satsuma faience is Korean in its origin. When the Satsuma prince, Shimadzu Yoshihiro, returned from the invasion of Korea, in 1596, he brought with him seventeen families of Korean potters. To these he gave *Samurai* rank and settled them in the village of Naeshirogawa, about a dozen miles from Kagoshima. Though in the process of time they became Japanese in dress, language, and customs, in other respects they were able to preserve their nationality. They never married outside of the village, and their names and features are still Korean. At first these potters made a coarse, black ware, but as better materials were discovered and the art of pottery was more carefully studied, the soft, creamy-white crackled ware, which now bears the name, was produced. The ware was made at various places, but the finest and rarest was made within the precincts of the prince's palace at Iso, a suburb of Kagoshima. The old ware was never plentiful, and it has now almost entirely disappeared. The most frail of all Japanese pottery, it would have become rare under any conditions, but the great conflagrations which twice swept over Kagoshima in the last century destroyed many

valuable pieces; so that more and finer specimens of the old ware are to be seen in the museums of Europe and America than in the place where it was made. The ware is still manufactured, both in Kagoshima and in the Korean villages. In the latter place, commonly called *Tsuboya,* or "jar town," four families are en-



A SATSUMA POTTERY.

gaged in making fine ware, while nearly two hundred families make common earthen ware. Almost any day the new ware can be seen set out in the sun to dry the aging compound which has been applied to it to turn it into "Old Satsuma." It is a wholly unnecessary process, for probably as fine ware is made to-day as at any time in the history of its manufacture, and it should be allowed to sell on its own merits; and

it would, were tourists to cease their demands for a ware not a piece of which can be had, and content themselves with a really fine ware which only needs to be kept long enough to become "genuine old Satsuma."

But neither sweet potatoes nor porcelain gave ancient Satsuma its strength and influence. If we look into the history of the province for the source of its almost regal power, we shall find that they were due in a large degree to the wisdom and energy of its feudal lords, the Shimadzu family. This illustrious family, easily first among Japanese Daimyates, traces its descent to Yoritomo, the greatest warrior of ancient Japan. But the influence of this illustrious ancestor seems more nominal than real, for not until fifteen generations had elapsed did the real strength of the family manifest itself. The fifteenth lord was the son of Shimadzu Tadayoshi, a man who, while he never became the head of the clan, did much for the education and welfare of its people. Tadayoshi was the first of the family to study the Chinese classics, and their study resulted in a veritable moral conversion, which he commemorated by taking a new name, *Nisshin*—"every day a new beginning"—from a famous text in one of these sacred books. Nor was Tadayoshi content to enjoy his new-found treasures alone, but by every means in his power he sought to have others share them. The Chinese classics themselves were quite beyond the comprehension of the most of his people, so Tadayoshi tried to infuse their spirit into forty-eight short poems which he composed for popular use. These poems, or proverbs, are in simple style and be-

gin with the letters of the Japanese syllabary, in order (I, ro, ha, etc.), after the fashion of the CXIX. Psalm and many portions of the Hebrew wisdom literature. They have formed, up to the present, the principal moral basis of education in Satsuma, and are still memorized by every school boy.[1]

Tadayoshi's son, Mochihisa, who is celebrated in Satsuma history as *Dai Chu Ko, or* "The Great Middle Lord," was the worthy son of such a noble father. When he succeeded to the headship of the family, the clan was in the greatest disorder, vassals had rebelled and everything was in confusion. He subdued the rebellious vassals and quickly reorganized the affairs of the province. Rightly is Mochihisa revered as the restorer of the house of Shimadzu; but contrary to the Japanese proverb, "A great man leaves no seed," Mochihisa transmitted his ability to four sons, and to them the permanence of his reforms is due. By their united

[[1] A few specimens of these poems with as literal translations as can be given, will show their form and style.

I	Inishiye no Michi wo kiki temo, Tonaye temo, Waga okonai ni Sezuba kai nashi.	The Way of the Ancients;— Though you study Or even teach, If to your own life you apply it not, Will naught avail.—
RO	RO no uye mo Hanifu no koya mo, Sumu hito no Kokoro ni koso wa Takaki iyashi.	In storied hall, Or cot of thatch, The heart of the dweller Determines his rank.
TO	TOga arite Hito wo kiru to mo Karuku su na Ikasu katana mo Tada hitotsu nari.	If for some offense A man you kill, Do it not lightly; To save life as well You have only one sword.

The Samurai's care of the sword is taught in this last verse. It is not to be drawn recklessly, and even a criminal is not to be killed without the greatest caution.]

efforts the adjoining provinces of Hyuga and Osumi were conquered, and the power of the family was rapidly being extended all over Kiushiu, when the defeated lords appealed; not to the emperor, but to Hideyoshi, at that time the practical ruler of Japan.

In response to this appeal, Hideyoshi ordered the Satsuma prince to make peace with his enemies and come at once to Kyoto to beg the imperial pardon and to seek new patents for the territories which he had forfeited by his misconduct. In reply Prince Shimadzu tore up the envoy's letter and trampled it under his feet. Satsuma, he said, had conquered eight provinces and was determined to keep them all. He would consider no interests but those of his own clan. This defiant answer brought on a desperate struggle. Hideyoshi assembled 150,000 men at Osaka, and the southern lords collected all their available forces. The contest lasted about a year, but finally the Satsuma forces, overborne by the vast numbers opposed to them, were completely defeated. In the hour of his triumph, however, Hideyoshi declined to push his advantage to the utter humiliation of the Satsuma prince. Although Kagoshima, the capital of the province, lay at his mercy, Hideyoshi held back his soldiers and called the prince and his brothers to meet him at the Buddhist temple of Taiheiji, near the present town of Sendai. In the quiet shades of this ancient temple the Shimadzu brothers gave in their submission and were confirmed in the possession of the three provinces of Satsuma, Osumi, and Hyuga, which until recent times constituted the territory of the family.

At the close of this war the practical wisdom of the house of Shimadzu began to show itself in the administration of the internal affairs of the province. Useless expenditure of all kinds was rigidly suppressed. In song and story Satsuma is spoken of as the land of a hundred and twenty castles, yet for more than three hundred years there have been none at all; for shortly after Hideyoshi's invasion Prince Shimadzu ordered all these expensive luxuries to be razed to the ground, relying only on the isolation and natural strength of his province for its protection. Most of the feudal lords of the time were taxing their people to support their entire military force in elegant idleness in their castle towns. The princes of Satsuma had some ten thousand soldiers in their capital city, who, with their families, lived entirely on their lord's bounty, but they also had a much larger number of farmer soldiers, who received allotments of lands which they were required to cultivate for their support. These agricultural warriors differed but little from the better-off farmers of other clans, except that they carried arms, practiced military arts, and learned the rudiments of literature. They built their houses around the sites of the old castles, generally on hillsides, whence they looked down, literally and figuratively, upon the common people, whose lands and offices they rapidly absorbed. This absorption was more complete in Satsuma than in any other clan. Elsewhere the common people were shut out from learning, and restricted by all kinds of sumptuary laws; laws which regulated every detail of their lives, even the day on which they should change to summer

clothes; but by making good use of their opportunities in business, the common people often acquired wealth and became strong enough to compel the grant of special privileges. In ancient Satsuma, however, the condition of the common people had not one redeeming feature. They had no wealth, no education, and no authority. Nowhere else in all Japan was the difference between the classes so great or the conditions of the common people so pitiable.

In most parts of the empire the abolition of feudalism and the diffusion of education has practically abolished the distinction between the *samurai* and the common people. Descendants of the old *samurai* are called *"shizoku,"* and the common people are known as *"heimin,"* or plain people, but the difference in name carries no difference in legal rights. In many cases sons of merchants and farmers are better off, both in the matter of education and of property, than many of the *shizoku.* In Satsuma, however, the distinction still carries many social privileges, for all classes of officials and most of the teachers and students of the higher schools are *shizoku,* and the poorest *samurai* is received at hotels and elsewhere with a deference which no *heimin* has money enough to buy. Not many years ago conditions were made so uncomfortable for the children of common people in the grammar school of Kagoshima that a so-called commercial school, with an almost identical course of study, was established for their benefit, and most of the boys of this class still attend it. The old farmer soldiers, whom the city warriors once affected to despise as country bumpkins, are now generally better off

than their proud city cousins, for the possession of farms and agricultural skill gave them a great advantage when all military allowances were suddenly discontinued, and when men who had been accustomed to live entirely on their lord's bounty were compelled to earn their own living.

In another particular, also, the lords of Satsuma showed their wisdom. When they had succeeded in subduing their turbulent retainers, they kept them in check by exactly the same method followed at Yedo by the Tokugawa Shoguns. As every daimyo in the empire was required to maintain a residence in the Shogun's capital, so the leading retainers of the Shimadzu family were compelled to keep up a mansion at the clan capital, where they and their families remained under the direct oversight of their lord. Most of these old feudal mansions have been destroyed; some have passed into other hands and other uses: but one or two of them are still standing. With their fine walls, handsome gates, and ample grounds, they afford a glimpse of old Japan, and do much to beautify the city of Kagoshima. The Shimadzu family also imitated the Shogunate in making matrimonial alliances with their leading retainers and in preventing combinations among their more powerful subjects by planting branches of their own family on intervening estates. Heavy tribute in the way of gifts and taxes of various kinds was required from all the under lords, and woe to any retainer who was remiss in the payment of any of these exactions or in the homage due his master.

The almost regal power of Satsuma caused



Garden of the Prince of Satsuma.

it to be feared and hated by the Tokugawa Shogunate. The province was too distant from Yedo, and the clan was far too powerful to be disciplined. So the Tokugawa rulers were compelled to close their eyes to irregularities they could not prevent, and to be satisfied with a merely nominal loyalty they dared neither strain nor provoke. Into the internal administration of the province they did not venture to inquire. Satsuma repaid the debt of hatred and distrust with compound interest in the form of jealousy of the Tokugawa influence and position, which the Satsuma authorities coveted for themselves. Under these circumstances it was natural that, in the struggle which led to the overthrow of the Shogun's government and the restoration of the imperial power, the strength of Satsuma should be enrolled under the brocade banner of the imperial forces.

In the earlier stages of this struggle the imperial forces rallied under a twofold battle-cry, "Restore the Mikado, and expel the barbarians!" The latter clause meant driving out the foreign merchants and diplomatic and consular representatives, and closing the country to foreign intercourse, as it had been before Perry's treaty. The leaders of the Satsuma clan probably took up this part of the slogan with no other purpose than to annoy the Shogun's government, which had made the treaties and stood committed to the policy of foreign intercourse. This seems the more likely, because in their own territory the Satsuma leaders were among the first to adopt western methods by installing foreign machinery and employing

foreign experts. The cotton factory at Kagoshima was the pioneer of all the power spinning mills which have since sprung up in Japan; the arsenal there was one of the earliest in the empire, and a tablet in the public park gratefully records the services rendered to the clan in those early days by an English physician.[1] The common swashbucklers of Satsuma, however, knew nothing of their leader's motives, and they shouted *"Jo-i!"*—"expel the barbarians"—so loudly that the foreign residents in the treaty ports were always glad to feel their revolvers in readiness when they met men wearing the red-lacquered scabbards which covered the long, keen, Satsuma blades. This anti-foreign feeling came to a crisis when one of the clan cut down an Englishman named Richardson, who had insulted the acting *daimyo* by riding across his train as it was passing near Yokohama. The English government demanded the surrender and execution of the offender and the payment of an indemnity by the clan. The offender, of course, could not be found, though he was one of the best-known men in the clan, and the indemnity was not paid. The bombardment of Kagoshima on the 15th of August, 1863, by vessels of the British squadron was the result of this contumacy. A terrible storm was raging when the squadron entered the bay, and the ships were glad to take shelter under the lee of Sakurajima, an island opposite the city. No sooner had they done so than forts on the island, of the exist-

[1] A marked change took place after the death of Shimadzu Seihin, the most liberal and able of all the family. He was succeeded in the headship of the clan by Shimadzu Saburo, who as guardian of a minor heir, inaugurated a conservative administration.

ence of which they had not dreamed, opened a heavy fire upon them. The captain of the flagship was killed and the vessel was compelled to cut her cable and leave an anchor behind in her hasty flight. Only one Japanese was killed, and, though the greater part of the city was destroyed by the fire which the bombardment kindled, the Satsuma histories put the captured anchor and the loss of life on the British vessels against their ruined capital, and boldly claim the victory for their clan.

The destruction of a city and the resentment toward all foreigners which it created, seem a great penalty to exact for the murder of a man whose rash conduct brought his death upon his own head; yet the bombardment taught the clan leaders a very useful lesson. There were other nations, more powerful and more highly civilized than Japan, and, whether they were to be treated as friends or foes, a united front must be presented to them, which the weak and vacillating Bakufu or Shogun's government was quite incapable of doing. There was only one conclusion, the Bakufu must be abolished as soon as possible and the emperor restored to direct power.[1] In pondering over these things, the Satsuma men became more zealous than ever in the imperial cause, and to them, more than to any other single clan, the success of the restoration must be ascribed. Yet, probably, few even of the leaders had clear vision enough

[1] Some of the other clans, notably the Tosa men, had already come to this conclusion. And it is doubtful if the Satsuma men would have worked things out without their aid. It is no discredit to Satsuma to say that Tosa was the brain of the restoration, for, granting that, Satsuma was the muscle and backbone of the enterprise.

to see whither their efforts were really tending. The most of them, chafing under the rule of the Tokugawa clan, hoped that a change would give the house of Shimadzu the position which the Tokugawa family for so long had held. It is not altogether strange, then, that when these hopes were disappointed the prominent positions in the army and navy and in every branch of the government which fell to Satsuma men were not enough to make up to the mass of the clan for the loss of their feudal privileges, and that, smarting under a sense of injustice, they were ready so soon to take up arms against the very government they had done so much to restore to power.

Cause of Saigo Rebellion

The Satsuma rebellion began in 1877, the tenth year of the Meiji era, and is hence known in Satsuma as the "Tenth Year War." The leader, though possibly not the instigator, of the movement was Saigo Takamori. By birth a simple *samurai* in humble circumstances, he had risen to boundless popularity. His powerful physique, his love for out-door sports, his intrepidity and courage, his splendid swordsmanship, joined to a sincere and generous nature and simple and unaffected manners, made him the idolized leader of the young men of Satsuma. Shortly after the bombardment of Kagoshima he had been placed in charge of the administration of the province, and it was largely through his influence that the south-western clans had been led to forget their jealousies and unite in a league against the Tokugawa family. In the struggle which followed, Saigo had commanded the Satsuma forces and had rendered the most eminent services to

Prince Arisugawa, the commander-in-chief. For these services he had been honored with a personal letter of thanks from the emperor and the grant of a liberal pension. Upon the establishment of the new government he had received the appointment of minister of war, and later had been appointed commander-in-chief of the imperial forces. He had been one of the councilors of the government that in August, 1871, issued the famous decree abolishing the feudal lordships and vesting the power which they had held in governors to be appointed by the emperor, without regard to their place of birth or clan relationships. With the hope of giving his clansmen an opportunity of gaining a supremacy in the government, Saigo had tried in vain to bring about a war with Korea. Finding himself in a minority, he had resigned his position and returned to Satsuma. Saigo's example was imitated by about two hundred other Satsuma men, who likewise resigned their positions and returned to their homes. Although the resignations of Saigo and one or two others were not accepted, yet they were all allowed to go home, possibly with the thought that their resentment might cool in their temporary retirement and that they would soon return to their official posts.

In Kagoshima, Saigo found a band of idle, drunken *samurai* youth, who had been released from all restraint by the new condition of things. For their sakes he obtained permission to establish a school in a disused stable. This was the first of the celebrated "*shigakko,*" or private schools. The school had no regular lessons or hours for recitation, but the art of war

and some Confucian books were explained for about an hour each day by a teacher named Kondo. Another building was erected near the Kakurei shrine, where a Dutchman and a Japanese named Fukami were employed to teach French. The constitution of these schools consisted of two articles, written by Saigo himself upon a large tablet:

1. We agree to unite for study of moral principles and for their unselfish practice.
2. The principal objects of learning are to honor the emperor and to assist the people. It is the purpose of our association to perform these duties.

The whole school was under the direction of one of Saigo's friends, Shinowara Kunimoto. Saigo himself visited it occasionally, and paid all its expenses from the pension he received from the emperor. The utmost simplicity and frugality prevailed. The students, with Saigo at their head, went to the adjacent village of Yoshino, where they cleared waste land and cultivated millet, barley, and sweet potatoes, which furnished their meager table. Branches of this school were established in different towns, and all the eager youth of the province pressed into them. The political nature of these organizations was but thinly disguised, and arms and ammunition were everywhere collected and military exercises practiced. Saigo had, indeed, laid the fuel of a bonfire, which only needed to be kindled to pass beyond his control.

On the night of the 29th of January, 1877, a body of these men, fully armed, broke into the government arsenal at Kagoshima and began to carry off rifles and powder. This act was repeated with greater violence on the next two nights, and finally all the officials except a few Satsuma men were driven off and the powder mills were set to making powder for the clan instead of for the empire. Saigo, who was away hunting at the time, asserted that what was done was without his knowledge and would not have happened if he had been at home. He regarded it, however, as a decisive act, and at once completed his arrangements for the war between Satsuma and the Tokyo government.

The last pretext for war was soon forthcoming. Among the officials who had returned to Kagoshima was one Nakahara, a police inspector in Tokyo. He was accused of being a government spy, arrested, and put to torture. Under this ordeal he is said to have confessed that he and nineteen others had returned at the secret command of the home minister, Okubo, a Satsuma man, by the way, to assassinate Saigo the moment he should take up arms against the imperial government. Copies of this confession were sent everywhere throughout the province, and in response the *Shigakko* students and others came pouring into Kagoshima until the town became an armed camp.

The strangest aspect of the affair, to a foreign mind, is that Saigo and his followers could thus take up arms against the national government, while at the same time they were making the loudest professions of loyalty to the emperor. Probably the long period of imperial

seclusion had led the people to disassociate the emperor from the government. He was thought to reign, but not to govern, and the Satsuma men considered themselves as only exercising their heaven-born right of correcting abuses, in attempting to punish the presumption and ignorance of the imperial ministers, the leaders of whom were some of their own clansmen. Whatever may be the explanation, it was with no feeling of being rebels that Saigo and 14,000 of the ardent youth of Satsuma left Kagoshima on the night of the 14th of February on their march to Tokyo.

Saigo's heart does not seem to have been in the expedition, which was poorly planned. If it represented his best efforts, then his military skill must have been greatly overestimated. The Satsuma men stopped under the walls of the castle of Kumamoto and wasted their time and resources in a fruitless siege, when, had they pushed on before imperial forces could be collected, many of the dissatisfied *samurai* of other clans would have joined them and the result might have been doubtful. As it was, Saigo's force probably never amounted to more than 20,000, and from the outset failure was certain. The Satsuma men fought like tigers, but they were gradually beaten back into their own country. Here their knowledge of the ground and the friendliness of the people gave them a great advantage over their enemies, but it was all to no avail. Saigo's force grew smaller every day, until at last, with about three hundred of his officers and men, he took refuge in the wooded ravines of Shiroyama, a mountain behind the city of Kagoshima. On the 24th



The Garter Mission at Saigo's Grave.

of September the imperial forces began the attack, and Saigo and his followers fought until the last man fell.

The contest, which lasted for seven months, was the death-struggle of Japanese feudalism. It proved to the whole empire that, when equipped with modern weapons, the sons of farmers and merchants could fight as well as *samurai,* and that even the famous Satsuma swords were no match for rifles. As far as Satsuma was concerned, her defeat broke down all the barriers she had tried to set up, and put an end to her almost regal power. She became, for the first time in her history, a mere prefecture of the Japanese imperial government. Satsuma learned her lesson well, but fearful was the price she paid for it. General Saigo and more than five thousand of her choicest young men threw away their lives in the struggle. The material loss also was very great, for not only was a large amount of money wasted on arms and ammunition and the other expenses incident to warfare, but when war was carried into the home territory it left behind it an ugly trail of burned houses and ruined farms. For the second time in twenty-five years the greater part of Kagoshima was reduced to a charred and blackened ruin. Twelve thousand seven hundred houses were burned to ashes, and priceless works of art and the accumulated records of more than seven hundred years were utterly destroyed. The death of their leaders and the overthrow of their foolish visions may be deemed a heroic cure for conservatism, but nothing less would have made the Satsuma men realize that, while they had been trying to per-

petuate feudal conditions, the other clans had been enjoying a decade of unparalleled progress. The cure was complete and the Satsuma men set themselves in earnest to improve their condition.

Year by year since the close of the war Satsuma has grown more like the other provinces of the empire, but its long isolation and the recent prevalence of feudalism still lend it many interesting peculiarities.

The physical features of Satsuma—its well diversified scenery, abundant brooks and innumerable hills—differ but little from other parts of Kyushu. The largest river in the island, the Sendai, about a hundred miles long, lies wholly within the province. Most of the hilltops are as flat as if they had been graded and are generally cleared for pasture land, while all the lower hillsides are under cultivation.

Two elevations—*Kaimondake,* "the Sea Gate Peak," and *Sakurajima,* "Cherry Island"—are famous among the mountains of Japan. Kaimondake is an extinct volcano, rising in a sharp cone to a height of over 3,000 feet, directly from sea level. While the Sea Gate Peak keeps its solitary watch over the entrance to the bay of Kagoshima, Sakurajima, nearer at hand, guards the city on the east. It occupies an island some fifteen miles in circumference, and seems anchored in the bay for the especial benefit of the Kagoshima people, like the mountain Thoreau used to say he "kept anchored off to the eastward to ride instead of a horse." Kagoshima people may not think of riding their mountain, but they plan all their houses so that their best rooms

command a view of it. Sakurajima is a much more recent volcano than Kaimondake, and a little steam can usually be seen escaping from its crater. The mountain would be one of the finest in Japan, had not about one-third of its top been blown into the bay in some ancient eruption, where it lies in the form of little islands. In its present decapitated condition Sakurajima is about four thousand feet high. In addition to its esthetic uses Sakurajima serves the Kagoshima people in another very practical way, for its lower slopes are planted in orchards and gardens, which supply most of the fruits and vegetables for the city market. The southern slope of the island seems peculiarly adapted to radish culture. All the radishes of Japan are large enough to deserve the name "great root," *daikon,* by which they are called; but no other radishes reach the truly



SAKURAJIMA.

gigantic proportions of the Sakurajima radishes. They are nearly globular in shape, and three or four of them make a load for a pack horse. One which was sent to the Chicago Exposition measured four feet ten inches in circumference! The difference between the radishes of Sakurajima and those grown elsewhere in the empire depends upon the soil and climate more than the variety grown, for the same seed sown elsewhere soon deteriorates; but the volcanic soil of Sakurajima continues to produce, year after year, great boat loads of colossal radishes.

The other element, the climate, is determined by the position of Satsuma, at the extreme southwest of Japan, and the warm ocean current which breaks against its shores. These give the province the warmest and, at the same time, most equable climate in the empire. Extremes, both of heat and cold, are lacking. The maximum summer heat is not as high as in Nagoya or Tokyo, or even in places still further north; and in winter cold winds and heavy snows are alike unknown. Except for a short time in the latter part of January and the first of February, the growth of vegetation never ceases. All the year round the farmers work in the fields in their short, thin, cotton *kimonos*, and their houses stand wide open, with no provision whatever made for heating them. Snow so seldom covers the ground that a great snow which fell in January, 1891, is still famous. At that time there had been no considerable fall of snow for fifteen years, and the young people scarcely knew what snow was like.

But if there is little snow there is plenty of

rain and wind. The rainy season begins in April and continues until well into July. When it ends, hot weather begins in earnest and continues, with little variation, until late in September, which is the typhoon season. The month seldom passes without a windstorm more or less severe. In the last sixteen years three such storms have occurred, each of which overthrew hundreds of houses in every village and did incalculable damage. The regularity with which the province is visited by the typhoon leads the people to defend themselves against these winds as the people of earthquake countries can not do against the earthquake. Few Satsuma houses are built with a second story, and every house is furnished with poles kept ready to prop up fences, gates and ornamental trees, and even the house itself.

The semi-tropical climate of Satsuma reflects itself in the vegetation. Palms abound, and the banana makes a good growth, but does not ripen its fruit. Citrus fruits of all kinds are plentiful. Even a few small plantations of navel oranges are just coming into bearing, but the Japanese care little for fruit, which has really no place with them as an article of diet. Nor do they take sufficient pains with its cultivation, and especially in defending it from insect pests, to produce anything fit to compare with the fruits of Southern California. The most striking fruit raised in Satsuma is a kind of pumelo, or grape fruit, which grows nearly as large as a child's head. The flesh is purple and the flavor would be fine if the fruit were allowed to ripen upon the tree. Unfortunately the Japanese pull all their fruit before it is fully ripe, so

that none of it has a chance to develop the flavor nature intended it to have.

Nature, however, has had her way with the magnificent evergreen trees which make up the bulk of the forests of Satsuma, the most conspicuous and useful of which are the bamboo and the camphor. The former does not grow to the great size it attains in Java and in other strictly tropical countries, but I have seen it as large as seven inches in diameter, and canes four or five inches in diameter and forty feet in height are quite common. No plant is comparable to the bamboo in the rapidity of its growth. It is commonly said that if one's hat be put over a bamboo shoot in the evening, a ladder will be needed to reach it in the morning. This is really no exaggeration, for some varieties grow as much as six feet in a single night! The partitions between the nodes of the canes are easily knocked out, and the great tubes are then used for water-pipes and gutter spouts, and for all kinds of tubing. The bamboo is also used for the pillars of houses, for ladders, for fences, for flag poles, and for so many other purposes that one wonders what the people would do without it. In Japanese households I have seen it made into dippers, spoons, skewers, chop-sticks, sieves, baskets, egg-beaters, spittoons, flower-vases, clothes-hangers, broom-handles, rakes, dinner pails, cake-dishes, money-boxes, *sake* bottles, combs, trays, cigarette-holders, and tobacco cases, besides innumerable other things in the manufacture of which it forms a part. The dried leaves are used instead of wrapping paper, and the young and tender sprouts are boiled and used

for food. An eminent German authority has declared that one variety of bamboo sprouts is the most delicate vegetable in cultivation. Bamboo groves skirt most of the Satsuma hills, and a high bamboo hedge surrounds most of the country houses. The delicate, light green foliage and the graceful drooping lines of these trees do much to beautify the landscape and are in sharp contrast to the camphor trees with their great trunks and wide-spreading branches.



A SATSUMA CAMPHOR TREE.

If the bamboo is the most beautiful, the camphor is certainly the most magnificent of the trees of Japan. It is an evergreen of the laurel family, called by the Japanese the *Kusu-no-ki*. The mature leaf is of a glossy, dark green color, but when, like most evergreen trees, the camphor renews its foliage in the spring, all the Satsuma forests are red with the opening leaf buds. The tree grows rapidly and lives to a great age. With its rough bark and mighty boughs, it resembles no tree so much as it does a great oak. Among the finest specimens of

these trees are those which have been planted around some of the ancient temples. A magnificent grove of them covers the entire hill near the town of Sendai, on which stands the Temple of Hachiman. A tree in this grove, which local tradition connects in some way with Hideyoshi's invasion—it must even then have been an ancient tree—has a hollow in its trunk in which eight Japanese mats have been spread, an area equal to at least a hundred and fifty square feet. The wood of these great trees is cut into small chips and distilled with water, to obtain the camphor gum. The body wood yields the most gum, but the branches and even the leaves are used. The apparatus used in Satsuma is exceedingly simple, and the little hut in which it is contained looks more like a hunter's camp than a factory; but crude and simple as it seems, the camphor industry in Japan is of great importance and is being very carefully superintended, for it is now a government monopoly and, since she obtained Formosa, Japan has a practical control of the world's camphor market.

Another feature of Satsuma life, as striking as the bamboo hedges of her villages and the camphor forests in her hills, is the extensive use of stone-work for building purposes. Even in the country villages the better houses are surrounded by handsome walls of dressed stone, and in the city houses the kitchens and bathrooms are floored with it; bath-tubs are built of it and it is put to many uses which would be regarded as extravagant elsewhere in Japan, but which here are used for economy, for stone actually costs less than wood-work. When first

cut, the Satsuma stone is soft and easily worked, but it hardens with exposure to the air, and lasts well in use. The ox-cart used in hauling the stone from the quarry is a marked feature of the Kagoshima streets. It consists of two round timbers ten or twelve feet in length and six or eight inches in diameter. These are mounted, like a child's see-saw, on two massive wheels, six inches thick, cut from the bole of a great tree. The fine condition of the Kagoshima streets is due to the use of these heavily laden carts, for their wide wheels are so many road-rollers in constant use.



AN OX CART.

The natural peculiarities of Satsuma are not great enough to have produced any considerable effect on people who enjoyed free communication with the rest of the world. But the people of Satsuma were completely isolated for so long a period that their language, customs, and character all differ to a marked degree from those found in the rest of the empire.

This difference is first noticed in the language. The traveler familiar with the dialect of Tokyo will have no great difficulty in understanding the people he meets in the offices, hotels, and shops of Kagoshima, for education and association with the people of other prov-

inces have done much to modify their speech, and they take great pains not to use their native dialect in addressing a stranger. He will, however, often observe a slight hesitation and a deliberateness in speaking as if the people were addressing him in a foreign language. This, indeed, is precisely what they are doing, for the dialect common to the rest of Japan is called *Yoso-no-kotoba,* "the outside speech," and when strangers depart it is laid aside, and in the privacy of the home and among intimate friends the native dialect is always used. Not to do so, especially among young people, is thought to be affected and to mark one as a conceited prig. In the country villages, and especially among the women, nothing but the local dialect is used or known, and at first a traveler finds it very hard to understand. He comes gradually to recognize that *r* is always pronounced like *j; su* is called *chi,* etc. He learns also how common words are abbreviated, and grows accustomed to the peculiar Satsuma accent and pronunciation. And, at last, he learns the meaning of the wholly different words in use. Many of these date back to feudal times, when the clan authorities deliberately changed the names of many common articles, in order to create a shibboleth by which spies and outsiders could be detected. Their dialect has undoubtedly helped to draw the Satsuma people together and to keep alive the feeling of brotherhood among the members of the clan. The common dialect is now taught in all the schools, and the Satsuma men are said to get rid of their dialect very quickly and completely when absent from home. But within

the province the influence of the home and playground is hard to overcome, and the duty of teaching the common dialect is a heavy burden on teachers and pupils and makes the average age at which the school course is finished a year or two later than in other provinces not so handicapped. A verse of a children's song will show the difference in the two dialects even to one who understands neither:

Satsuma Dialect.	Tokyo Dialect.
Daitero san to,	*Tare sore san to*
Daitero san wa,	*Tare sore san wa,*
Kyode don ja goahan ka?	*Kyodai san ja gozaimasenu ka?*
Iya, soja goahando,	*Iiye, soja gozaimasenu*
Nashi, so gen gojan ka?	*Naze, sonna ni iimasuka?*
Nichitta de imoshita ga.	*Nite orimasu kara iimashita yo!*

Mr. So-and-so and Mr. So-and-so
Are brothers, are they not?
No, they are not. Why do you say so?
Because they resemble each other.

In former times the *samurai* and the common people had absolutely no social intercourse with each other. The *samurai* had their own sports and pastimes, in which the common people were not allowed to share, and the common people had also a few—very few—sports of their own, which the *samurai* disdained to notice. One of the latter, which is still kept up in the country towns, is the annual tug-of-war, or rope pull, which occurs on the night of the 15th of the eighth month, old style. The contest is between

the different wards of the town, each of which makes ready a great cable of straw interwoven with vines. These cables are as much as five or six inches in diameter and some three hundred and sixty feet in length. To make it possible to handle such a great rope, small ropes are woven into it for handholds. When all preparations have been made, the rising of the moon is waited as a signal for the beginning of the contest. The pulling begins with the boys, but later the men take it up, and, as the excitement grows, even women and girls engage in the sport. Those who do not pull sing, shout, and clap their hands, and try in every way to encourage the champions of their ward. At last one side wavers, and in spite of their almost frantic efforts, their opponents begin slowly to drag them over the line. New hands take hold, and the shouts and clapping of hands increase, but all to no purpose, and the stronger party at last drag them the length of the rope and are declared the victors. The losers, however, ask for the rope again, and fresh men and heavier take hold of it, and so the contest begins again. It is violent sport, and needs only the stimulation of strong drink to result in quarrels and fights. Unfortunately this is always abundantly supplied. Large tubs of *sake* are set out, where every one may drink as much as he will, and Satsuma men will drink a great deal. Sometimes, when the case seems hopeless, some one on the losing side will slip out of his place and, with a sharp knife, quickly and stealthily cut the tense rope on which two hundred or more brawny fellows are lustily heaving. The results may be left to the imagination. Satsuma men

are prone to go to extremes in everything, and often this violent exercise is kept up all night, with a result, the next day, of sore hands, lame backs and sleeping villages.

In the city of Kagoshima the rope pull has become a mere child's game, but in other parts of the province it is still carried on with the old enthusiasm. A pretty Kagoshima custom is for little girls, dressed in their best, to carry through the streets in the afternoon the rope with which the boys are to pull in the evening.



GOD OF THE RICE FIELD.

Another custom peculiar to the common people, and also to Satsuma, is the worship of the *Ta-no-kami,* or "God of the rice field." Stone images of this god in the form of a little old man with a wide-rimmed farmer's hat, sitting in a squatting position, are found in the corners of the rice fields and take the place of the temples of Inari, the rice goddess, which are so common in other provinces but are wholly wanting in Satsuma. The festival of the Ta-no-kami occurs on the fourteenth day of the first month. The most interesting thing connected with his cult is the custom of stealing the god, the object being to ensure good crops the following year. The young men and girls of a village will invade another village and carry off its rice god. In some cases there is no attempt at concealment, but in other localities the god is always carried

away at night and its hiding place is carefully guarded. After harvest the god is returned and a great feast is held in its honor by the people of both villages.

In the use of intoxicating liquors neither class had any monopoly, for both the gentry and the common people drank, and harder than the men of any other province in Japan. The stolid nature of the Satsuma man seems especially to crave the stimulation of alcohol, like the Scotchman, whose jokes have to be drawn with a corkscrew. Unfortunately, too, the use of liquor in Satsuma does not stop with the men, for women and even little children drink. In many families it is customary for each member of the household to take a cup or two of *sake* with the master every evening. Almost all the houses of Satsuma have a government license for the domestic manufacture of the fermented liquor made from rice which is known by this name, but the Satsuma men, as a rule, are not satisfied with as mild a liquor as *sake,* which contains about ten or twelve per cent of alcohol, but prefer for their common drink a distilled liquor, called "shochu," containing from thirty to fifty per cent. Another fiery liquor, called "awamori," is also used. This is made in Loo Choo from sweet potatoes, and the well-roped earthen jars in which it is shipped form a large part of the Kagoshima imports from those islands.

The drinking customs of the people, the etiquette of *sake* drinking, do not differ much from other parts of Japan. In the city of Kagoshima and in some of the larger towns there are restaurants and tea-houses, with their attendant geisha. While these places seem to be well pat-



Tanoura,
Kagoshima.

ronized, there are many more drinking parties held in private houses than is customary elsewhere. At these parties there is no place for a total abstainer or a moderate drinker, for the object seems to be to get every man to drink as much as possible. First of all a *sake* cup is placed before each guest and filled by some member of the family. The host then takes his own cup, goes to the guest of highest rank, bows, and asks to exchange cups with him. When they have drunk together he goes to the next guest, and so on until he has greeted all. He may sometimes go around two or three times. Meanwhile the guests exchange cups among themselves, and drinking becomes general. When it flags, the game of *nanko* begins. Two wooden chop-sticks are broken at two places, making six pieces about two inches long. Each of the two players takes three pieces in his left hand and hides them in his sleeves or behind his back. At a given signal one of the players puts out in his clenched right hand as many pieces as he chooses, and the other players must guess the number. If he fail he must drink a cup of *sake* as a forfeit, and give place to some one else. So the game goes on until most of the guests are *hors de combat,* which is the object of the game; for Satsuma people think they have been wanting in hospitality if any of their guests go home sober. The results of their drinking habits are very conspicuous; the men age prematurely, and there are more idiots and insane people in Satsuma than in any other province of Japan.

When we come to notice the customs peculiar to the *samurai* class, the most marked was the

separation of the sexes, which was more complete than in any other part of Japan. Not only did they have separate apartments, but separate utensils were provided for their use. They were not allowed to use a basin in which one of the other sex had washed. Even the poles on which their clothes were dried were kept rigidly



A SATSUMA HOME.

distinct! A friend of mine in the village of Mukoda had for a neighbor an old *samurai* of the strictest sort. One day this neighbor's family hired a new maid, who, when she did the family washing, hung the clothes up indiscriminately. The old *samurai,* coming in and seeing this, ran angrily out and threw them all down in the dirt and broke the poles on which they had hung.

This separation of the sexes has been aided by the *sha,* or student clubs, which have been such an important element in the educational plan of Satsuma. There are eleven of them in the city of Kagoshima, and they are to be found in every village where there is a *samurai* quarter. In the meeting places of these societies all the *samurai* students of the city gather. Here they study, and here far more than in their homes their interests center. The younger boys congregate as soon as school is out in the afternoon, and remain until time for the evening meal, after which they come back and study until time to go to bed. The older boys are not required to attend every day, but take turns in superintending the studies of the younger lads. The common people, of course, have no part in these societies, which are relics of feudal days, when the *heimin* class were denied an education; but all the *samurai* are interested in them and most of them contribute to their support and take turns in serving on the committee which supervises the club belonging to their ward.

It is uncertain when these societies were first organized, but a general reorganization of them took place about fifty years ago, and all the Satsuma men who played an important part in the restoration and who have been so influential in the government since, were trained in them.

The meeting places are mere sheds, with nothing about them to lead to luxury or in the least to interfere with the Spartan discipline to which the lads are subjected. A turning bar, a vaulting horse, and a tennis court complete the equipment of the one nearest my home: for gymnastic

exercises are deemed quite as important as literary studies. Fencing, wrestling, and other exercises are practiced every afternoon and evening. In ancient times these societies had no special organization, though the members were divided into juniors, under sixteen, and young men, from sixteen to twenty-five. This division is still kept up, but in addition each society has a president, a secretary, and an ordinary and a special committee.

In feudal times the discipline was committed to the heads of the various wards, and the policy of education was to repress everything except obedience. The rules of the various *sha* differ slightly, but are alike in their severity and simplicity. The boys and young men were strictly forbidden to have any conversation with women; to drink immoderately; to play the *samisen;* sing vulgar songs or join in the dances of the common people; to attend the theater; to smoke; to talk about the price of things, or of buying or selling. They were not allowed to visit shops or stores, even to make necessary purchases, unless they were accompanied by their elders. They wore coarse cotton clothes, with very short sleeves, and their *hakama,* or divided skirt, barely came to their knees. The year round they were required to go in their bare feet. The boys were required to find all their friends in their own club, and regarded the members of other clubs as rivals, if not as enemies. In case of bad conduct and violation of rules, the offender was kindly admonished at first, but continued bad conduct meant expulsion from the club and complete social ostracism. This depth of disgrace was seldom

reached; for if the wretched boy had not courage enough to do so himself, his family generally compel him to wipe out the disgrace by suicide before expulsion could be inflicted.

The boys were discouraged in original thinking, asking questions was frowned upon, and every effort was made to render the mass of the *samurai* brave, loyal, frank, and, as they themselves sometimes put it, foolish. But if a boy was found who absolutely refused to be a fool, who would think and, in spite of all discouragement, would ask questions; he was put through a very different process. He was given the very best education that could be had, and became a leader of his clansmen, who had been trained to delight in just such leaders. The result was, on the one hand, men like Saigo, Mori, and Okubo, Oyama, Kuroki, and Togo; and on the other, a mass of reckless braves, who were ready to follow them anywhere and die to a man on their behalf.

While the discipline in the student clubs is much less strict than in feudal days, yet every effort is made to preserve the old spirit. All the customs and ceremonies are designed to inculcate patriotism under its peculiarly Japanese aspects of loyalty and filial piety.

On the 28th of May the vendetta of the Soga brothers is celebrated. The boys of each district gather all the old Japanese umbrellas for a colossal bonfire. With their oiled paper covers and their bamboo frames, the umbrellas burn like tinder; and as they watch the fires the imaginations of the young Satsuma lads call up the fires of the hunting camp of the Shogun Yoritomo, by the light of which, in 1198, the

lads Juro and Goro Soga accomplished their revenge upon Kudo Suketsune, the murderer of their father. The next event in the year to the Satsuma students' clubs is the annual pilgrimage to the village of Ijuin, where the lads worship at the shrine of Shimadzu Tadayoshi, the zealous Confucianist, who gave himself the name "Every day a new beginning." This pilgrimage occurs in October on the anniversary of the battle of Seki-ga-hara. In this memorable contest the soldiers of Satsuma were enrolled among the adherents of the family of Hideyoshi, and were borne down in the defeat which ensued. The leader of the victorious forces in this battle was Ieyasu, the first Tokugawa Shogun, and the victory won here gave him the supremacy his family held so long. It is not usual to celebrate a defeat, and a pilgrimage on such an anniversary seems another illustration of the Japanese topsy-turveyness some European writers are so fond of noting. The Satsuma lads make this pilgrimage to assure their ancestor's spirit that, although the clan was defeated at Seki-ga-hara, it was not conquered, and thus year by year they pledge their loyalty to the principles which he loved.



SATSUMA STUDENTS' CLUB.

The clubs leave Kagoshima about dusk, and return the next morning, having marched thirty miles during the night. Each club has its banner and its bugler, and the boys, dressed in the costume of the olden time, make a fine appearance. The younger boys all carry one sword, and each of the older lads wears complete armor and carries the long and short swords, which were the peculiar mark of the ancient *samurai.* The childish faces of some of the young lads contrast strangely with their war like dress, but not less than the whole pageant does with the spirit of New Japan It is hard to realize that the fathers of many of these lads have engaged in actual warfare similarly accoutered.



STUDENTS' CLUB ON ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE.

On the night of the 14th of December the lads assemble in their meeting places to read the story of the forty-seven loyal *samurai,* who on that night in the early part of the eighteenth century, after years of plotting and waiting, avenged the death of their master, Asano Takumi no Kami, the lord of Ako. The story, which is best told in English by Mitford in the "Tales of Old Japan," is one of the most famous in Japanese literature. As read in Satsuma, it is a large book, the reading of which takes the greater part of the night. The boys

bring their lunch and blankets, and sit in a circle, while by turns one of their number reads. At midnight they have a lunch of hot boiled millet and sweet potatoes, and then the reading begins again. It is nearly daybreak before it is finished, but the interest is never allowed to flag. Especially interesting parts are greeted with applause, not by clapping the hands, but by the peculiar shout used by the Satsuma men to encourage one another or to express their approval.



GRAVES OF THE FORTY-SEVEN RONIN.

Thus year by year the Satsuma students' clubs commemorate the old stories of loyalty, and devotion in the clan and in the empire in a way best adapted to kindle in each adolescent breast a flame of similar loyalty and to make every man count it his highest joy to lay down his life for his emperor and his fatherland. On the other hand, by keeping alive the distinctions of feudal days, these clubs have made the social condition of the common people lower than in any other part of the empire. They have also weakened the personal initiative of the Satsuma men, who, while ready to do or dare anything in the company of their fellows, are seldom brave enough to stand alone against the oppo-

sition of their associates. Accustomed to regulate all their actions by the rules of their societies and by the advice of their elders, Satsuma men lean more on their fellows and are more subject to public opinion than the Japanese of any other province.

The Satsuma students' clubs, though by no means wholly responsible, have been one of the factors which have produced the lack of religious zeal and enthusiasm so characteristic of the Satsuma people. In all the Satsuma villages there are Shinto priests, who officiate at funerals and conduct the stated ceremonies in connection with the national holidays, but they never preach and make no effort to gain adherents. In most of the *samurai* houses there are Shinto shrines, but beyond keeping them in order and worshiping the spirits of their ancestors on certain days, the *samurai* class have no religion. There are a few large Buddhist temples in Kagoshima and in some of the larger towns, but there are none of sufficient note to be the objects of pilgrimage from without the province, and the total number of temples is less than in any other province in Japan. The explanation of this is to be found in the history of the province.

When Hideyoshi made his war upon the house of Shimadzu, the Satsuma leaders thought they were safe when once they had retreated into the fastnesses of their own country, and they hoped to lead their enemies into an ambush, where knowledge of the country would more than compensate for inferior numbers. What was their surprise to find that their enemies knew the country as well as they did themselves, and were

able to forestall every advantage they had hoped to gain. It was evident to the Satsuma men that their enemies had had guides, that some one in the province had turned traitor. As soon as the invading army withdrew, a rigorous search was begun. Then it was discovered that Buddhist priests of the Shin sect, belonging to a temple on the Island of Shishishima, acting under orders from their high priest, had served as guides to the invaders. The popular feeling was seeking for some scapegoat on which to avenge their late defeat, and the priests who had turned traitor to their province were barbarously crucified, and every inhabitant of Satsuma, from the highest to the lowest, who belonged to the Shin sect of Buddhists, was commanded to renounce his religion. Those who disobeyed this order were expelled from the province, and those who resisted expulsion might be killed with impunity. For three hundred years this decree was in effect, and the rigor of persecution was never abated during that time. The zeal of the Shinshiu priests and the devotion of some of their people form one of the brightest chapters in the history of Japanese Buddhism. It reads like a chapter out of the history of the Scottish Covenanters. Disguised priests constantly came into the province to propagate their religion and to instruct their followers. They traveled at night and lay hidden during the day. They met their followers in secret places in the hills and forests, and preached to them with a zeal only possible to men who had taken their lives in their hands. When the officers, hearing of his coming, came to arrest the priest,

he was hurried away by his friends and was miles beyond the border before they could take him.

In the early days of Meiji the Satsuma clan, in their zeal for Shintoism, destroyed the temples of all the other Buddhist sects in the province. The priests were deprived of their living and given farm lands to cultivate. Even the household shrines and Buddhist pictures were brought out and burned. At the close of the Satsuma rebellion, when freedom of religion was again established in the province, Satsuma became a kind of Buddhist mission field. Many priests of various sects entered the province and began to preach, and much money was collected in different parts of the country to rebuild the temples. Only a few of these edifices, however, have been rebuilt, and the one sect which has become strong is the long-persecuted Shinshiu. Three-fourths of all the temples belong to it, and its influence is incomparably greater than all the others combined. But a very large part of the people, especially the women, are entirely without religion.

Interest attaches to Satsuma as the first province in Japan in which Christian mission work was done. Francis Xavier, with his Japanese interpreter and first convert, Paul Anjiro, a Satsuma man whom he had met in Malacca, landed in Kagoshima on the 15th of August, 1549. Anjiro was at once summoned before the prince, who questioned him as to his wanderings and as to the condition of things in foreign parts, as well as in regard to the nature of the new religion he had professed. Six weeks later Xavier himself was admitted to an audience

with the prince. His reception was cordial and he was granted full permission to preach. Xavier remained in the province until the next summer, baptizing about a hundred and fifty converts. Most of them were peasants or working people, and the new religion gained little foothold in the province. As the real nature of Xavier's work manifested itself, the authorities became unfriendly, and an edict was issued forbidding any of the people to embrace Christianity, under penalty of death—the first of the many edicts against Christianity issued in Japan. Xavier went to Hirado, and Anjiro was left in charge of the little band of converts. Xavier's coming was just at the time when the four sons of Shimadzu Mochihisa were waging their successful war with the other lords of Kyushu, previous to Hideyoshi's intervention, and all the successes of the Catholic missions were won in the very provinces which the Satsuma men were so rapidly conquering; and the Satsuma men probably regarded their victories over the lords who had accepted Christianity as a triumph of the native gods over a foreign religion, and so had their opposition to Christianity strengthened by every success. At any rate, Anjiro was soon expelled from the province, and Satsuma remained closed to Christianity until very recent years. At present the Roman Catholic, the Greek Church, and four Protestant missions are working in Satsuma. All are making considerable progress, though they find the long-standing indifference of the people to religion their most serious obstacle.

The years since the close of the "Tenth Year War" have done much to better the condition of

Satsuma. Communication has been greatly improved. Four regular lines of steamers connect Kagoshima with Kobe and Osaka, and a splendid road sixty-five miles in length runs across the province from Kagoshima to Komenotsu, on the northern border. Over this national road a regular line of stages runs, connecting with steamers for Nagasaki and Kumamoto. The stages are one-horse vehicles, holding at a pinch six persons; but there are about fifty of them in daily use. Rest houses and inns are well kept up along the line, and a regular time-table is advertised, and followed with more or less exactness. The distance is supposed to be covered at the rate of five miles an hour, though it is only under the most extraordinary circumstances that this rate is reached. The police keep the line under constant surveillance, and over-charges are promptly punished. A large part of the road runs along the coast, where the scenery is fine enough to make one forget his jolts and jars. So fine is the scenery and so characteristic are the glimpses of the country and the people to be had along this road, that every visitor to Kagoshima ought either to enter or to leave it by this back door. A line of railroad is in partial operation which, when completed, will connect with the Kyushu Railroad at Yatsushiro, and by releasing Kagoshima from her present dependence on winds and waves, will bring the Satsuma capital into constant and direct communication with all parts of the empire.

These very improvements, however, are part of the great movement which has made feudal Japan a thing of the past. Even in Satsuma,

where it lived longest, it is gone forever. The present head of the house of Shimadzu has the rank of prince in the Japanese peerage. He is a young man, who has been educated by an English governess, who had entire charge of his training until he was ready to enter the Naval Academy, where he was fitted for his present cadetship. The people whom his ancestors ruled may look upon him in a vague way as their lord still, but the clan loyalty has been swallowed up in the national loyalty, the province in the empire.

The race is not to the strong now, but to the wise; and Satsuma men are men of action rather than men of thought, and they may not have the influence in the future that they have had in the past; but modern Satsuma, while cherishing her past, has received a great impulse from the men she has furnished to the present generation—an impulse which, of course, she shares with the whole empire, but of which she feels the greater force; for, though all Japan claims Togo, yet Satsuma is still in a peculiar sense his country, and his influence will propagate itself there as nowhere else, and the simple, straightforward Satsuma men will continue to be a mighty element in the Japanese nation.

A PILGRIMAGE TO ZENKOJI.

A PILGRIMAGE TO ZENKOJI, THE MECCA OF JAPAN.

At Nagano, in the province of Shinshu, stands the famous Buddhist Temple of Zenkoji. Thither, according to popular superstition, every Japanese man and woman must make at least one pilgrimage, either during life or after death. The *post mortem* journey seems to be dreaded, for at least ten thousand persons annually forestall it by a visit to Zenkoji in the flesh.

Pilgrimages have been reduced to a fine art in Japan, where pilgrim clubs exist in every city, to which the members contribute a small monthly fee. In consideration of this, a certain number chosen by lot yearly have the privilege of making the pilgrimage. These fortunate people get reduced rates at the inns, and other advantages, not the least being the pleasure of company on the way; for, as Percival Lowell says, "the Japanese go on pilgrimages because they thoroughly enjoy themselves in the process, the piety incident to the act simply relieving them from any compunction at having so good a time."

Karuizawa, the great summer resort in the mountains of Central Japan, where we were spending our vacation, is near enough to Nagano to feel the full force of this Zenkoji travel. It was thus the most natural thing in the world

for me to resolve that I too should make a pilgrimage to Zenkoji. As the Japanese pilgrim never hesitates to ride if he can afford it, I might have gone to Nagano by rail and still called it a pilgrimage. But the journey takes only three hours, too short a time for my ideas of a pilgrimage; and besides, I wished to escape from my mother tongue for awhile, and test my acquirements in Japanese. So the pilgrimage was made on foot round the base of Mt. Asama, the volcano of the neighborhood, with its pillar of smoke, and thence to the famous hot springs of Kusatsu. Another volcano, that of Shiranesan, had to be skirted before arriving at the pretty little spa of Shibu. Thence the way lay by Naoetsu, by the Sea of Japan, on to Nagano.

I left Karuizawa with a small satchel on my back, a stick in my hand, the native straw sandals on my feet, and the glory of a summer morning in my heart. In the outskirts of the town I found a jinrikisha man, who took me as far as the first village. When he found that I was going alone and for the first time, my man was untiring in his efforts to describe the road. He told me the names of all the towns, and explained all the turns I must make, but his details were so voluminous that I could not remember half of the towns, nor any of the turns. However, a little further on I overtook a young Japanese who was going my way, and he answered just as well as a paid guide.

The road, which was composed of white volcanic stone, led up a steep hill for the first two or three miles, almost to the base of Ko Asama, "Baby Asama," as the knob-shaped projection on the side of the great volcano is called. From



Mt.
Asama.

here the road to the summit of the mountain leads off to the left. But, as climbing Asama is a pilgrimage in itself, we did not allow the three thousand feet of climbing between us and the summit to tempt us from our route.

Asama had its last great eruption in 1773, and our road now led across the wilderness caused by the convulsion. As far as we could see, the whole plain was covered with rocks and cinders blackened and reddened by intense heat. Small, scrubby pines were the only things growing upon it. The dust on the road was black and hot, and the walking exceedingly uncomfortable. How deep the stuff lay I had no means of determining, but where the wind had uprooted a tree the same blackened sand could be seen clinging to the roots, and the bottom of the hole had the same appearance as the top of the ground. A primeval forest and several flourishing villages once occupied the spot, but I saw nothing but scrub pine and a few houses in a walk of five miles. Across the whole of this desolated region little images of Kwannon, the goddess of Mercy, are set up by the side of the road, about a hundred and thirty yards apart, I suppose, to prevent another catastrophe. Asama has been in eruption many times since, but has emitted nothing more serious than showers of ashes.

When we got out of this wilderness, we entered a tract which the guide-book appropriately terms "park-like." It reminded me of the rolling country of central Ohio. There was the same abundance of grass and clumps of trees, but one missed the substantial farm-houses, and the cattle and sheep resting in the shade. The

flowers were something wonderful. Lemon, tiger and day lilies, and a large lily-shaped blue flower, vied with each other as to which should be the prevalent color of the fields—yellow, red, white, or blue.

When we reached the first town my companion took a short cut, and the road, which at Ko Asama had been so wide that three or four wagons could have gone abreast, became a mere path through the rice fields and could only be followed by much inquiring on his part.

At Kanewo, the last town before Kusatsu, I was glad to close a bargain for a horse for the remaining seven miles. But when the horse appeared I was both amused and astonished. I have never ridden a camel, but that horse came as near the species as was possible without being the real article. His head drooped until his nose almost touched the ground, and his saddle was as high as a camel's back. First came two huge straw pads at least a foot thick. Above them a wooden saddle a foot higher, and over all a big blue comforter. My baggage was tied to one side of the saddle, but that made things lopsided like the pumpkin in the end of the boy's sack. The boy settled the matter, it will be remembered, by putting a stone in the other end; but in our case a new *shichirin,* or cooking brazier, was wrapped up in straw and used in its place. Think of using a cooking-stove to balance one's hand baggage!

The question of how to ascend came next. The landlord, after much discussion, produced a strong cask about four feet high, and, since the horse would not kneel for me, camel fashion, I climbed up to him by way of the cask.

A camel or a pack-horse implies a man to lead it, and in this case the man proved to be a woman! She was a talkative little body, who knew almost everybody and had a word for everybody she met, whether she knew them or not. She chattered away to me quite regardless of the fact that I could not understand more than one word in fifty that she said. She was twenty-five years old, she told me, had been married "ever so long," and had three children, two boys and a girl.

About half-past five we reached Kusatsu, where I found quarters for the night in a detached cottage belonging to an inn at the far end of the village, entirely removed from the sick people who make Kusatsu so undesirable. I was told that, including a large colony of lepers, there were over two thousand in the village.

As soon as I was settled in my room a clean kimono was brought me for a bath wrap, and I went to try the baths. The Japanese, who take their daily baths at about a hundred and ten degrees, quail before the hot waters of Kusatsu, which range from one hundred and thirteen to one hundred and twenty-eight degrees. At my inn there were two baths side by side, one said to be lukewarm and the other hot. The so-called lukewarm bath was as hot as any I had ever taken, but when I stepped into it from the hot bath it seemed almost cool. The water, which flows into the baths in a strong stream, is beautifully clear, with a slightly greenish tinge. It is so strongly impregnated with sulphur, arsenic, and other mineral acids, as to be astringent to the taste, and so acrid that one is warned not

to let it get into the eyes. This bath water is piped from the open square in the center of the village, where it boils up in a great pool incessantly. The bottom and sides of the pool are yellow with a thick coating of mineral matter precipitated from the water, and the whole village reeks with gas and steam.

Bath over, supper came, consisting of mountain trout nicely broiled and a good *chawan mushi,* a kind of custard. (The name means steamed in a bowl.) The ingredients of this custard vary, but the method of preparation is always the same, and the resultant is always served piping hot. The invariable hotness of the *chawan mushi* makes it the more appetizing from the fact that the Japanese have no idea of serving their food hot, and often allow it to stand after it is prepared until it is quite cold. The day's tramping and riding had furnished the best sauce for my supper, and as soon as it was over I was ready for my bed and sleep.

The public baths of Kusatsu, and the curious discipline to which the bathers submit themselves, are the great sights of the place; but I did not care to horrify myself with the sight of loathsome lepers and other sufferers. So seven o'clock the next morning found me in the saddle again. "In the saddle" this time, for it was a foreign saddle; "on the saddle" would be the proper expression for the stirrupless native article. After climbing up, up, up for an hour and a half, I turned to the left and began the direct ascent of Shirane-san. The road led through a skeleton forest—the very ghost of a forest—every tree and twig in place, but blasted and withered from the fumes emitted by the

volcano in its last eruption. The ascent was easy, and in a short time I was at the summit, 7,000 feet above the sea and 3,000 feet above Kusatsu. Shirane-san, which is one of Japan's eighteen or more active volcanoes, was quite recently in eruption. The road leads up to a depression in the side of the crater, through which a tramway enters, to carry out crude sulphur to the reducing house. The crater is about 500 yards long by 150 to 200 yards wide. Its center is occupied by a boiling lake, composed almost entirely of hydrochloric acid. I could not see into it for the steam which was blown into my face. At one side the hot air and steam were rushing out with such force as to make approach impossible. At the very edge of this boiling pit men were gathering sulphur. After being purified and refined the sulphur is melted into cylinders about two feet long and about a foot in diameter. Tons of the yellow substance were lying in the shed waiting to be carried down the mountain.

Coming down from Shirane-san, I had a long climb to the Shibu Pass. Here I saw another mode of locomotion — riding cow-back! The cows were good-looking creatures, generally white and black or fawn color. I dare say they were good enough riding animals, but the idea seemed repugnant to me. It was bad enough to ride and let a woman walk and lead my horse, but to ride a cow—this was too much. I passed at least fifty people riding after this fashion, and at one of our stopping-places so many saddle-cows were resting that the road by the side of the inn looked like a dairy farm. Here they had a strong new step-ladder, to use in

place of the cask, from which I had mounted the "camel." The dismounting was easy enough. The woman — most of the cow-riders were women—simply gathered herself together and tumbled off onto the shoulders of a man, who carried her into the inn.

The descent from the top of the pass to the village of Shibu, while wonderfully beautiful, is long and steep, and it was three o'clock before I dismounted in front of the Tsubataya Inn. Shibu is another bathing-place, but the waters here are not so hot as those at Kusatsu, and are so delightfully soft and pleasant that the bathers can be in hot water all the time. The baths are much used as an after-cure by those who have been taking the treatment at Kusatsu. The village lies 2,250 feet above sea level, and is one of the cleanest little places I have seen in Japan. The outside walls of the houses are covered with a soft, yellow plaster, which is in marked contrast with the unpainted boards of the ordinary Japanese house.

My host was assiduous in his efforts to make me comfortable. He took me to see the village temple, sent me some preserved grapes with my morning cup of tea, and brought me a kind of fruit jelly, which, with some Japanese sponge-cake, made a very good dessert. Then, as a final and particular favor, he produced an English book, an account of Perry's expedition, which, he said, had been given him by a gentleman from Yokohama. Although he could not read a word of it, yet he was wonderfully proud to be its possessor.

The Japanese people use the word *basha* to represent any kind of vehicle drawn by a

horse, from a street car to a pleasure cart; but the word usually signifies a fourth-class omnibus of the kind and shape called in New England a "barge." When a basha is crowded, as is usually the case, it is the most uncomfortable vehicle I have ever tried; having only one merit, that the fare is low. But from Shibu to Toyono, the nearest station on the railroad, the fare by basha and the fare by jinrikisha is the same. The Japanese, probably, put the greater sociability of the basha over against the comfort of the jinrikisha, and so call matters even. The jinrikisha is so incomparably more comfortable that without a moment's hesitation I chose it as the vehicle in which to do the seven and more miles to Toyono. There was doubt about my being able to catch the train, so I offered my man ten *sen* (five cents) extra if he succeeded in getting me to it in time. He ran splendidly for the first two or three miles, carrying me down the valley at a rate which would have done credit to a good horse. But as train-time came nearer he seemed to lose first hope, then courage, and finally strength; and for the next two miles he could scarcely go at all. I was full of the hope born of ignorance, for I thought the distance was much



A BASHA

shorter than it really was. Surely the railroad must be just ahead! It must lie in that valley. We can't have to cross that steep hill. It must be on this side of the river. No; on we go, and the railroad still fails to appear. Our road makes an unforeseen turn, and we go down the hill; but still no railroad. Now a bridge, composed of boats on which planks are laid, carries us over the river. Up the hill, and yet no railroad. Through another little village, and then the telegraph poles come in sight. My jinrikisha man is scarcely able to get along at a slow walk, and I walk awhile to rest him. The railroad is not the station, that is nearly a mile further on, but the flag-woman—women monopolize that occupation out here—tells my man that the train has not yet passed. In an instant I am bundled into the *jinrikisha* and the man is trotting off as merrily as at first, though a minute before he had been groaning, and ejaculating, "*Domo*"—"can't possibly." On we go; hope, courage, and strength quickened with every inquiry, until we bring up, breathless, at the station. The train, which was half an hour late, would not be in for ten minutes yet, and so, amid the congratulations of the crowd of jinrikisha men, my man pocketed his reward.

From Toyono to Naoetsu the railroad follows the course of the Sekigawa River, and glimpses of forest and stream, waterfall and shady glen succeed each other while the line descends over two thousand feet in the forty miles. We now come out of the Province of Shinshu into that of Echigo, where the snowfall is the heaviest in Japan. It often accumulates to the depth of

over ten feet, interrupting traffic of all kinds for weeks at a time. The people are obliged to build their houses with snow sheds over the side ways, in order to prevent their being entirely snowbound.

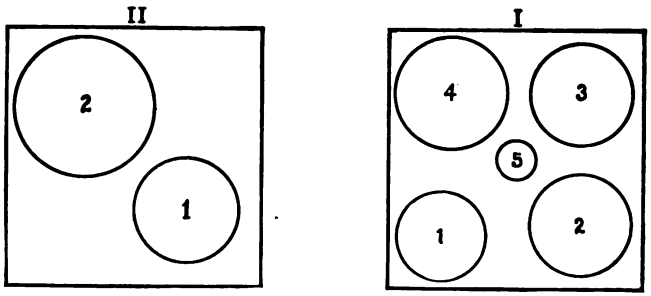
Naoetsu is an ugly, straggling town, a port of call for steamers on the west coast. Its snow sheds make the houses dark and the streets narrow. As the temporary terminus of the railroad, since carried to Niigata, it seemed to have a good deal of business. A crowd of noisy runners from the inns met us at the station, which, after the manner of Japanese stations, was quite a distance from the town. All along on this trip I had been furnished with letters of introduction, from inn to inn, according to the Japanese custom; so among the cries I recognized the name of the inn to which I had been directed, and, giving my bag to the crier, I soon found my way thither.

I had scarcely entered my room, when a girl, and afterwards a boy, came into it with *midzu ame* to sell. It is a kind of sweet paste, made from millet, and needs only the addition of some kind of flavor to be as delicious as it is wholesome. It was put up in neat packages, to be used for the presents Japanese travelers carry to their family and friends. These presents—*o miage,* as they are called—are generally some article of food or confectionery for which the place is noted.

The next day was hot and sultry, and as the train did not leave until late in the afternoon, I made a trip to a little watering-place called Gochi, about three miles out of Naoetsu. Here I passed a pleasant day in a pretty little tea-

house perched on a cliff, with the waves of the Sea of Japan breaking at its feet.

I wish I could describe the dinner that was served to me there; I ought to paint it to do justice to it, for, if its colors could be represented, those who think they know all about serving as a fine art would realize that they have still something to learn from Japan. It came in on two small, black lacquer trays, arranged as follows:



I.—1. A blue covered bowl filled with rice. 2. A black lacquer bowl of vegetable soup. 3. Boiled carp. 4. Raw fish. 5. Sauce.
II.—1. An omelet with a bit of green preserve. 2. Shell fish, raw, garnished with ice.

I never saw anything prettier than dish No. 4. On a blue plate lay a drainer made of twenty-three narrow strips of glass bound together by red cords in the middle and at the ends. On this lay two little piles of raw fish cut into very thin slices. These were separated by a green leaf fancifully cut, while on one side lay a little cone of grated horse-radish and on the other a spoonful of a kind of sea-weed jelly, looking and tasting like the coffee jelly now so fashionable at home. The whole was garnished and chilled with snow.

From Naoetsu to Nagano is a three hours' ride, and as I was making a pilgrimage I took a third-class ticket. The car was long, and opened at each end like an American car, and had its seats arranged on each side of a narrow aisle. The seats were too short and much too narrow for two Americans. The car was well filled with kindly, inquisitive people, mostly farmers, who allowed me a seat to myself until we had passed two or three stations, when an elderly woman, with an apology for disturbing me, sat down beside me. She was going to Zenkoji, she told me, and had walked thus far with her son, who had now put her on the train, while he himself walked, in order to save expenses. The old lady was in great excitement over her pilgrimage and jumped up every time the train stopped, to know whether we had reached Zenkoji.

When a missionary recently moved to Nagano, his servants were congratulated by their friends on the prospect of living in such a holy place. "It was next to going to heaven." The place, however, had none of the external signs of the sanctity which such celestial neighborhood would lead one to expect. The crowd of pilgrims, the runners from the inns crying the merits of their houses, and the hurry and bustle everywhere made it seem very much like a western town.

The temple, which gives sanctity and fame to Nagano, is dedicated to Amida and his two followers, Kwannon and Daiseishi; a group of whose images is here preserved. This golden group, after various vicissitudes in China and Korea, was sent to Japan as a present from the

King of Korea to the Emperor of Japan, in the year 552 A. D., on the introduction of Buddhism. After the enemies of Buddhism had done everything they could to destroy it, the image found a resting place here fifty years later.

The present temple, which was built in 1701, is not attractive. Its decorations are gaudy, and the whole place is dingy and dirty. But I have never seen anything in Japan more interesting than the crowd of worshipers who thronged it at four o'clock in the morning. They were largely old people, men and women about equally divided, and they had an air of earnestness which I have not seen in any other temple. I got as near the great altar as I could, and listened to the choir of priests, keeping time to their chant by rhythmical beating of drums. This drumming grew fast and furious as the chant grew louder, and when the high priest in his scarlet robes appeared, priests and people joined him in it, simply calling, over and over, the name of Buddha. At last the gorgeous brocade curtain was slowly rolled up, disclosing the outer one of the seven boxes in which the sacred image is kept. There was a moment of breathless excitement, every one standing on tiptoe to get a good view, and then the curtain fell. The pilgrimage to Zenkoji was accomplished.

Not until one sees these great temples, hoary with antiquity and woven into the very fabric of the Japanese life, legend, and history, can the stupendous difficulty of mission work be appreciated. As I saw this town, created and kept prosperous by its concourse of pilgrims, I thought of another city with a famous temple

which enshrined an image said to have fallen down from heaven, and I remembered how, when the growth of Christianity threatened to cut off their gains, the craftsmen who lived by the temple were filled with sudden zeal for it and cried about the space of two hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" The Book of Acts and modern mission fields mutually illustrate one another.

IN A JAPANESE INN.

IN A JAPANESE INN.

"SHALL I not take mine ease in mine inn?" queried Falstaff, as, at the close of the day, he found himself comfortably settled in a clean English hostelry. How would poor Jack have felt had he been shown into a Japanese inn instead? Only Shakespeare could do justice to the vigorous expressions with which he would have manifested his digust. No chair, no table, no blazing fireplace, no snowy cloth, no foaming mug of ale or glass of wine, no smoking joint of beef, no sweet loaf of bread, no golden butter, no creamy cheese! Fancy Falstaff, if you can, doubling his fat legs under him and sitting down on his heels, taking his comfort on a cushion two feet square! And yet there is a good deal of comfort to be had in a well-kept Japanese inn.

The host and all the servants will meet you at the door with bows and polite greetings, and if you are so fortunate as to get one of the best rooms you are shown into one at the back of the house; for the office and kitchen open off the street, while the best rooms look upon the garden in the rear.

Before you enter you must take off your shoes, which one of the servants will carefully put away in a box by the side of the door. You will find your room spotlessly neat and clean, as it well may be, since it contains no heavy furniture to catch the dust and hide it from the soft,

short-handled Japanese broom, and the paper dust-brush, the "flip-flapping" of which you will hear all over the house in the morning.

The mats with which the floor is covered may differ greatly in quality, but their size and shape is always the same. From the poorest hovel to the private apartments of his Imperial Majesty, every Japanese room is covered with mats three feet wide and six feet three inches long. They are about an inch and a half thick, made of layers of coarse straw sewed together and quilted like an old-fashioned comforter, and covered with white matting such as we have been accustomed to use. Upon the fineness of this covering and the kind of binding the quality of the mats depends. When they are new they are soft and comfortable, but with use they become very hard and unyielding. In addition to the mats which cover the floor, the room will probably contain a *kakemono,* or hanging picture, a vase with flowers or grasses, a framed motto, and a writing-table ten inches high and two and a half feet square. Silk or cotton cushions *(zabuton)* are brought in for chairs, a *hibachi,* a brazier, either of wood or metal, with a few coals of charcoal, over which a kettle of hot water is singing merrily, serves for a stove. More charcoal is furnished to light one's pipe, and when a tray with cakes and tea is produced, the Japanese idea of taking one's ease in one's inn is almost satisfied. The sliding-door is pushed back, and the little waitress, on her knees, bowing until her head touches the floor, announces that the only thing lacking, the bath, is now ready.

The Japanese bath, generally called *o yu,* or "the honorable hot water," is such a peculiar

institution that it deserves especial mention. The common bath-tub is a wooden vat about three feet deep and perhaps three feet and a half in diameter. By the side of it, or under it, is a charcoal stove, by which the water is warmed—heated, rather, for the Japanese take their baths almost scalding hot, from 106 to 120 degrees Fahrenheit. The bathroom may be enclosed with paper doors or the tub may sit at the side of an open passage way. In country inns it is not unusual to find the tub set out in the yard! The traveler first arrived has the first use of the bath, and then—as it would never do to waste so much hot water—it is used in order of arrival by the rest of the guests and in order of age and rank by the inhabitants of the house. There is this to be said, however: the Japanese do not use the bath as we do, but wash themselves before they enter it, and merely sit in it up to the chin and enjoy themselves. At this point the purely Japanese idea of taking one's comfort has been reached, and the tired foreigner who ventures to follow the native example finds all his aches leaving him, and is surprised to find, when he gets out, all steaming, that he is in no danger



JAPANESE INN.
The Kitchen and Offices are in the Front.

of taking cold and that he will be quite comfortable in a cold room for two or three hours.

Well provided as Japanese inns are with bathing facilities, they have no dining-rooms. You go out of your room to wash, but remain in it to eat. Many of the best inns are now provided with electric bells, as well as electric lights; but the best of bells get out of order, even at home, and in the open Japanese buildings there is no need of them, as everybody carries a calling apparatus with him, which never gets out of order and is never lost. Whether for calling the attention of the gods at a temple before he prays or for calling the waiter at an inn, the Japanese simply claps his hands. Presently you hear a distant "H-ai-ai," and soon your door is slipped back, and the waiter asks, "Did you call?"—literally, "Were the honorable hands here?" Yes, they were here, and their owner is existing in a famishing condition. When will rice be ready? The little black head bows, and the lips murmur, "*Tadaima*" — immediately — which may mean any time between now and next January. But at last there is a clatter of slippered feet in the hall and the sliding-doors are again pushed back and the meal is served.

All Japanese food looks beautiful, and some of it is quite palatable; but there seems to be no idea of regular hours for meals, nor of serving things hot, as with us. The chop-sticks, which seem so awkward at first, are not so very difficult to learn the knack of, and a little practice makes one quite expert with them. The principal meal is in the evening. It is served upon two or three or more trays, and consists of soups and different kinds of fish boiled and



The Best Rooms in a Japanese Inn.

broiled, or not cooked at all. The last is cut in thin slices and served in various ways, with grated radish, with horseradish, or with ginger root, and is eaten with vinegar or with *shoyu*, the universal Japanese sauce. Rice takes the place of bread, and there is no butter, and seldom any fruit. The bill of fare varies according to the season, but more with the locality and with the house. Some houses have their especially famous dishes, for which they are noted. At a hotel in the city of Akita the proprietor's venerable father used to serve me one of these special dishes which he prepared himself. It consisted of an egg baked with sea weed, on an earthen dish filled with salt. A toothsome delicacy no doubt it was, but not so fine as the courtesy and simple kindness with which the old gentleman served it.

In addition to the purely Japanese food nearly all the best inns will serve, at the evening meal, one or more dishes in what they call "foreign style"—piece of tough beefsteak, a fried fish, an omelette, or a curry. With these, of course, a knife, fork, and spoon are served, but tablecloth and napkins are reserved for meals entirely in Western mode. It needs scarcely to be said that the Japanese paper napkins are manufactured entirely for use at picnics and socials beyond the sea, and have no place whatever in the Japanese life.

The evening meal over, the room which has been sitting- and dining-room now quickly becomes a bedroom. Thick quilts are brought in and laid down on the floor for a bed; others are placed on them for covers, and a cylinder stuffed with bran serves for a pillow. The wooden shutters are tightly closed, the paper

windows are drawn, and an *andon,* or night lamp, is brought in. If it is summer, a great green hemp mosquito net which almost fills the room is hung up by a cord from each corner, then the servant bows herself out and bids you *"O yasumi nasai"*—"deign to rest,"—and you are ready for "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." It does not always come, for the chief discomfort to the foreigner in a Japanese inn is an animal known to the Japanese as *nomi,* to us Americans as the "wicked flea." The climate of Japan seems to be peculiarly adapted to fleas, and every Japanese house is more or less infested with them. Hepburn's Dictionary used to have a word *"nomitori,"* or "flea trap," but I have never seen the article, and the servant, on being asked for it, said: *"Nomi-tori wa gozaimasenu"*—"as for the flea-trap, it is not." Of late years, however, the Japanese have been making a fairly good insect powder, which they call *"nomi-tori-ko."* Boys may be heard crying it every evening about bed-time. Its manufacture and sale certainly ought to be a profitable business.

The Japanese rise with the sun, so that it is not possible in Japanese inns to sleep late in the summer, nor, except in the cities, to get an early breakfast in the winter. But after a hot night in the closely shut up bedrooms one is generally glad enough to hear the banging of the shutters and to feel the pure, cool morning air as it comes pouring in.

Now the operations of the evening are reversed, your mosquito net is taken down, the *futons* are rolled up and put away, and while you are performing your morning ablutions in the washroom the broom and flapping duster

are busy, and when you return to your room you find it neat and clean. Your scattered belongings have been picked up and put in order, and a cup of hot tea is waiting for you, with a smiling serving-maid sitting beside it, who brings her nose down to where her hands are



THE LANDLADY IN HER GARDEN.

extended on the mats before her as she wishes you "Good morning."

Eggs, rice, fish, and the always present salted radish may form the breakfast. But its distinguishing feature is *miso* soup, a vegetable or fish broth thickened and flavored with a preparation of beans called *miso*.

The noon meal is the slightest of all. It is served on one tray, and generally consists of two or three articles, with rice and pickles. The rice is often cold.

The charge at a Japanese inn includes supper, breakfast, and bed. It varies from twenty-five cents to one dollar and a half. The noon meal is extra. In addition to the regular charge it is customary to give what is called "*Cha dai,*" or "tea money." Perhaps this will average one-third of the bill, though people of rank and wealth often give many times that amount. This tea money is a tip to the proprietor of the house, not to the servants, as with us. It is regularly receipted for, just as the bill is. If it has been generous, the landlady will come in person to thank you for it, and will probably bring you some little souvenir, a fan, a towel, a dainty box of tooth-picks, or a box of cake.

At your departure all the household gather together on their knees at the door, to speed the parting guest. You will find your shoes waiting for you to step into them, and with much bowing of shiny, black heads, with many "*Sayonara*" and "*Hayaku o kaeri nasai*"—"please come back soon"—you rattle away in your jinrikisha with a feeling of warmth around your heart which mere politeness could not produce.



TAKING COMFORT—A HOT BATH.

WRITING WITH BIRD TRACKS.

WRITING WITH BIRD TRACKS.

WHILE the spoken languages of China and Japan are utterly dissimilar, both in sound and structure, yet, strange to say, the two nations when they write use the same system of characters; a system which tradition says was invented by one Sokitsu, who had been studying the footprints of birds. To him who sees these characters for the first time, the famous invention of Sokitsu seems crude enough. The characters still look little better than bird tracks, only grown more complicated with use. A very little study, however, reveals order and beauty in the seeming chaos, and the system is always the more admired the more it is studied. Let me relate how the Japanese came by this system of writing, and as simply as possible illustrate their way of using it.

Scholars generally agree that previous to the third century of the Christian era Japan had no written language. But in the year 240 a teacher of Chinese came to Japan from Korea, and a year later a second teacher was sent for. These scholars brought copies of some of the Chinese classics, and were made instructors to the Prince Imperial. Although, probably, without any influence outside of the court, yet they were the first of a series of teachers through whose

influence, in the sixth century, Buddhism found its way into the empire. With religious zeal as a new incentive, the study of the Chinese language spread rapidly among the Japanese. Not only the sacred literature of Buddhism, but also the ordinary classical literature of China began to be studied, and many Chinese words found their way into the language, along with the ideas they represented, in much the same way that Greek words have found their way into English. This process of borrowing is still going on, so that now words of Chinese origin even outnumber the purely native element. Just in the same way as we have drawn upon the Greek for our scientific and technical terms, so the Japanese have drawn on China's wealth of terms for every new idea as it has arisen. We borrow two Greek words for *far* and *see,* and call the instrument a "tele-scope;" the Japanese borrow three Chinese terms: 望 *bo,* to look at; 遠 *en,* distance; 鏡 *kyo,* glass, and call it a *boenkyo,* or "distance-looking-glass." These short Chinese compounds are very expressive, and give, in two or three syllables, a description of the idea that would require a whole sentence of native Japanese. Thus the two-wheeled man-propelled carriage used everywhere in the Far East was at once called a 人力車 *jin-riki-sha,* or "man-power carriage," and the automobile had hardly been invented before the Japanese gave it a name, *ji-do-sha,* or "self-moving carriage."

I have called these borrowed words Chinese, but no Chinese can understand them when spoken. Japanese do not pronounce them according to any of the dialects current in China, but by a system of their own, which is a corruption of the pronunciation current in some parts of China hundreds of years ago, when this borrowing began.

The pronunciation is the great difficulty connected with this borrowing process. The Chinese language, though rich in words, is poor in sounds, and the number of ideas represented by the same sound is often simply astonishing. For example, take the sound called in Japanese "sho," and the ideas it represents. There is *sho,* small; *sho,* seldom; *sho,* a measure of capacity; *sho,* correct; *sho,* to call; *sho,* to be born; *sho,* to resemble; *sho,* several; *sho,* a pine tree; *sho,* to ascend; *sho,* to desire; *sho,* a place; *sho,* to talk too much; *sho,* a book; *sho,* a public office; *sho,* prosperity, and ninety-three other ideas represented by the same sound "sho." How shall we know all these *shos* apart? There is only one way: resort must be had to the ideographs, or word-pictures, which represent them. Indeed, the ideograph is really the word, the sound is only the way in which it is read.

Scientific investigation of these ideographs shows that, with all due respect to the memory of Sokitsu and his bird tracks, the Chinese ideographs were in all probability originally hiero-

glyphics, or picture signs, for even after centuries of use it is still quite possible to see pictures in many of them. Thus, in 田 *ta,* "rice field," it is easy to see the intersecting dykes. 井 *ido,* "a well," at once suggests a picture to any one who has ever seen a Japanese well-curve. The old forms of many of the characters, lost through centuries of rapid writing, give even better suggestions of pictures. Thus, 山 used to be ⛰, a picture of a mountain. 日 was once ☉, the sun. 子 was 𝍐, a rude picture of a child, the head and arms plainly appearing, while the legs seem to be bound together. 木, now written 木, evidently depicted the branches and roots of a tree. By combining the primitive signs, what are called indicative symbols are formed. Thus, the sun, 日, just above the horizon, 一, gives 旦, morning. The moon, 月, but half appearing, 夕, signifies evening, when the sun is set. Many of the combinations are very picturesque and very suggestive.

SOME SUGGESTIVE CHARACTERS.



BRIGHTNESS. Sun and Moon.	FOREST. Two Trees.	ASKING. Mouth in a Door.	OBSTRUCTION. Timber in a Gate.	PEACE, Woman Under Roof.

Sun and moon stand for brightness; two trees for a forest; mouth in a door suggests the idea of asking; timber in a gate, obstruction. A woman under a roof gives the idea of peace, either because the woman in it brings peace to the house, or because the Chinese considered woman the disturbing element, which must be kept under the roof to secure peace. Such a study of the component parts of Chinese characters is interesting, but it can not always be relied upon to give the meaning, so different and multitudinous are the combinations. The Japanese seldom stop to analyze the characters but commit them outright, by sheer force of memory. If there were only a few of them, and each sign stood for a single idea and could be read in only one way, the feat would not be very difficult. We ourselves find it very convenient to use such a system on a small scale, for our Arabic number signs, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0, are just as much ideographs as the most complicated Chinese character. But unfortunately in Japan most characters are read in at least two different ways, representing different pronunciations current at different times in China. In addition to these Chinese readings, most characters have a purely native reading. For example, 女, woman, may be pronounced after the Chinese *jo* or *nio,* or it may be and is translated into Japanese and pronounced *onna,* a purely Japanese word. Just as we sometimes, in reading, call *viz.* namely,

translating it into English instead of pronouncing it.

To add to the difficulty, entirely different ideas are represented by the same character until some common characters are read in as many as a dozen different ways; and, as if that were not enough to complicate the language, the same idea is often written indiscriminately with several characters. All of which makes the Japanese written language much more difficult even than the Chinese, as the pronunciation of any character often depends entirely on the context.

The vast forest of characters is prevented from becoming a linguistic jungle only by classification. Elements which characters have in common are taken as labels, and all the characters which contain them are grouped together in the dictionaries, like plants in a nursery. Often these labels—"radicals," as they are called—furnish a key to the general meaning of the character. Most things pertaining to trees, or to wood or to lumber, will be found under the radical 木, a tree; thus it will be seen that 松, a pine tree, is made up of tree and prince, the pine tree being considered as the prince of trees. 杉, cedar, and 梅, plum, show the same radical in a slightly abbreviated form in the left. All subjects relating to women will be found under the radical 女, woman, which is easily recognized on the left in 姉, sister,

姪, niece, and at the bottom in 妻, wife. There are 214 of these radicals arranged in order; from *ichi,* 一, one made with a single stroke of the brush, to *yoku,* 龠, a flute, made with seventeen; these signs are prefixed to every dictionary and form an index to the treasures it contains. Foreign students find the radicals of great value, but the Chinese and Japanese seldom pay much attention to them, and the foreign student often finds that he can determine the radical of any character and look it up in the dictionary quicker and better than his Japanese teacher.

To represent the purely native elements of the language, especially the connectives and verbal terminations, which have no exact equivalents in Chinese, the Japanese developed a system of characters somewhat resembling a European alphabet.

First, it was discovered that all the words in use were composed of combinations of about seventy syllables.

a,	*i,*	*u,*	*e,*	*o,*	
Ka,	*Ki,*	*Ku,*	*Ke,*	*Ko,*	
Sa,	*Shi,*	*Su,*	*Se,*	*So,*	etc.

To represent these syllables, characters were selected which had the same sounds, their meaning being wholly disregarded. We have a syllable "ate." Suppose we draw on our Arabic numerals for a phonetic to represent it. By

that means we can write *allevi8, compassion8, consider8,* etc. We can not do this extensively, because our language is not like Japanese, and because we do not have characters enough to borrow for the purpose. The Japanese supply of characters is practically unlimited; so for the syllable *a* they used the character 安, for *i,* 以, and for *u,* 宇, etc. In process of time these characters, from constant writing, became abbreviated into the forms in which they are now written. Thus 安 became あ, 以 became い and, finally, い, 宇 took the form う, etc. The Japanese call these characters *kana,* or "borrowed names," and write and arrange them in two ways. The commonest form, the *hiragana*—"plain kana"—is said to have been invented by a Buddhist priest named Kobo Daishi, who died in the year 834 A. D. This celebrated man must have had a monopoly of the inventive genius of his age, for so many inventions are attributed to him that little is left for his fellow countrymen to discover. In the case of the *hiragana,* however, he probably only arranged and systematized what had already come into use.

As the *hiragana* characters are arranged in the form of a Buddhist poem, teaching the transitoriness of the universe, a transliteration into Roman letters and a free translation may be interesting. Read from top to bottom, beginning at the right.

The Hiragana.

いろはにほへと
ちりぬるを
わかよたれそ
つねならむ
うゐのおくやま
けふこえて
あさきゆめみし
ゑひもせす

"I-ro ha Ni-ho-he to
Chi-ri-nu-ru wo,
Wa-ka yo ta-re so
Tsu-ne na-ra-mu
U-wi-no o-ku ya-ma
Ke-fu ko-ye-te,
A-sa-ki yu-me mi-shi
I-ye mo se-sun."

"Though flowers and odors are scattered free,
There 's naught that here can constant be;
To-day I crossed life's rugged steep,
No dream I see, nor lull with wine my sense to sleep."[1]

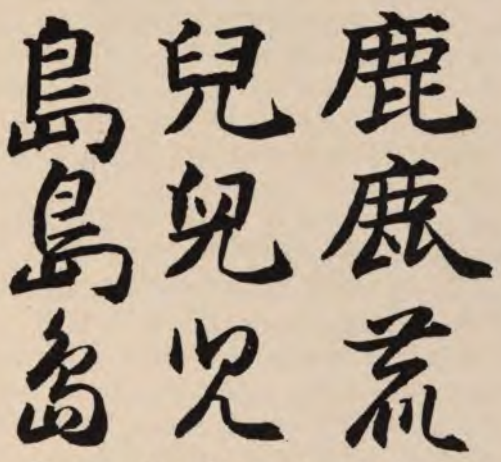
[1] The meaning of this poem, like all Buddhist writings, is somewhat elusive. I have tried to give sense while preserving the verbal form. The thought of the first two lines is clear enough. That of the latter seems to be "Having reached Nirvana I see things as they are, uninfluenced by the beauties and fascinations of this seeming world." The hyphens are here inserted to make it easier to see the name of the syllables as they are combined into words.

A glance at the table will show that the Japanese alphabet is not an alphabet at all, but a syllabary, with no way of representing any detached consonant sound except the letter *n*. The sounds of *l* and *v* are entirely lacking. *B, d, g, p,* and *z* do not appear in the table, but are represented by dots added to other characters. There are no characters to represent the syllables *si, tu,* and *ti,* which on Japanese lips become *shi, tsu,* and *chi.*

Owing to its syllabic nature, the Japanese *kana* is a very clumsy medium for representing the sound of an English word. "Portland," on Japanese lips and in Japanese print, becomes *Porutorando;* "hotel," *hoteru*—and this latter word, by the way, is now the common name for the better class of Japanese inns. At the Japanese foreign restaurants the bills of fare contain *"soppu," "omoretsu," "shichu"* (stew), *"koteretsu"* (cutlets), and *"bifushiteki;"* and for dessert, *"bisuketo," "jami,"* and *"kohi"* and *"aisukurimu."* They are all English names of common dishes, only slightly Japanned by being written in the *kana.*

The pages of all modern Japanese books and newspapers are printed with a combination of Chinese characters and more or less of this *kana.* Books and newspapers intended for the uneducated have the *kana* printed by the side of every Chinese character, so that its sound may be known even if it has never been seen before. The Japanese Bible is printed in this

style. To read an ordinary newspaper without such helps, a knowledge of about three thousand Chinese characters is required. A well-educated Japanese scholar should know from five to six thousand. This is onerous enough, as every one who has tried it knows; but to



The name Kagoshima written in the three styles of writing. The upper line resembles print. The second line is the style of a careful writer, and for addressing letters, etc. The third is the ordinary running hand.

make the matter more difficult, these characters, when used in writing a letter, are abbreviated to such an extent as to be quite unintelligible to one who only knows their full form. Ten years of hard study, merely learning to read — getting the key of knowledge — is the tremendous handicap Japanese students carry

in their eager pursuit of Western science and philosophy.

Few foreigners succeed in getting such a command of the characters as to read and write them with ease; and yet, to one who would understand the real life of Japan, or who would seek to influence its thought, some knowledge of the written language is absolutely necessary. And never was such knowledge more essential than it is to-day. A few years ago it looked as though the Chinese characters, *kana* and all, might be abandoned and the language written in Roman letters. Some people even thought that the native speech would be given up and English adopted outright. Little is heard of the matter in these days. New Chinese words are being coined constantly, and their use is more popular than ever before. Any sudden abandonment of the present system seems utterly unlikely. The Department of Education is feeling its way where it has neither experience nor precedent to guide it, and in a matter of such importance it may well go slow. Japanese in Roman letters is being taught in all the higher elementary schools, and some modification of the present system will come in the future; in limitation, at least, if not in abolition of the tribute which every reading Japanese is forced to pay to the old civilization of China.

A VISIT TO THE SCENE OF AN EARTHQUAKE.

A VISIT TO THE SCENE OF AN EARTHQUAKE.

EARTHQUAKES ought to be classed among Japan's famous products, for almost every day one occurs in some part of the empire, and a shaking-up which would fill all our newspapers with particulars is dismissed with such a brief notice as:

> "Severe earthquake shocks are reported from Hakodate on the 3d, at 4 P. M. The motion was horizontal, and the direction from east to west."

In the five years from 1890 to 1895, three severe shocks, a mountain explosion, and a tidal wave occurred. On the 31st of August, 1895, an earthquake occurred which in violence probably excelled all the others, although, from the sparsely settled region in which it occurred and the favorable time of the occurrence, the loss of life was not so great—not over 250 killed, with 500 or 600 wounded. Ten thousand houses were totally destroyed, and twice as many more injured. The center of the disturbance lay in the mountainous part of the Akita Prefecture, almost at the water-shed between the Pacific Ocean and the Sea of Japan, about three hundred miles north of Tokyo.

Just ten days afterwards I started from Hirosaki, in the extreme north of the main island, to visit the scene of the disaster. Three rainy, uneventful days brought me to Akita, the

capital of the prefecture, within thirty-six miles of the worst part of the earthquake.

Akita Prefecture is noted for its public spirit and enterprise, which is shown in its well-kept buildings and excellent roads. One can recognize the prefecture the moment he enters it, by the improved condition of the roads. The capital has a clean, prosperous look. Its old *sa-*



EXTEMPORIZED HOSPITAL IN A SCHOOL-HOUSE.

murai quarter is large and well kept up. Its hedges and massive double gates mark it off at once from the rest of the town. Into this quiet quarter trade is beginning to find its way, with boarding-houses and hotels as its forerunners. I found very good quarters in one of the latter, kept by an old *samurai,* who did everything in his power to make me comfortable. The beefsteak and beautifully browned fish, which formed part of my supper, he cooked with his

own hands. While I was eating it, the sliding-door separating my room from the hallway was pushed back and revealed the landlord bowing to me from the passage, too polite to enter my room. He really had nothing fit to eat, he said, and had been extremely rude in offering me such a wretched supper.

The son of the house had just returned from the earthquake region, and after supper he gave me a great deal of information about it and wrote special letters of introduction to innkeepers and others who might be of use to me. He also helped to engage my jinrikisha man, which was an assistance I greatly appreciated, for, while usually the *jinrikisha* business in this part of Japan is very well managed, the earthquake had changed all this, as well as many other things. Ordinarily a ticket can be bought at a fixed price per mile, with coupons to be given to the men at each post station. The men change often, and run, on an average, about four miles per hour. But the jinrikisha men had taken advantage of the damaged roads to waive the ticket regulations and to put the price up to about twice the usual rate. However, my landlord arranged everything for me and furnished me with a written itinerary, with the amounts I was to pay at each station.

I started about seven o'clock on a cool, clear morning after a week of constant rain. The man who pulled me was a sociable fellow, and served me as guide as well as horse. The story is told in Yokohama of a rich American, fresh from the States, who, after riding awhile in a jinrikisha, proposed to get down and let his man get up and have his turn. What creatures

of habit we are! A man may take us in a boat without the slightest shock to our sensibilities, but we have been accustomed to seeing only horses in shafts. Let a man take their place to do exactly what the boatman does in the matter of propulsion, and the unusual sight is painful.

While I was thinking of these things the road led up a beautiful river valley, down which flowed, full to the hills on each side, a river of yellow rice fields. The whole valley was a series of terraces, for the little irregularly shaped plots in which rice is planted are all arranged with wonderful skill, so that the water, on which the growth of the rice depends, can be carried from one to another and kept under perfect control. Here and there a dark green island of beans could be seen in the yellow sea of rice. But houses were few and far between, and mostly built at the foot of the distant hills. At times our road followed the ancient highway and passed for miles under an avenue of century-old pines, which, with their fantastic shapes, looked as if they might have stepped off of some of the fans and old porcelain of our childhood. But the chief charm of the New England pines, the balmy odor, was wholly lacking; these trees had no more smell than their painted pictures.

The people in the villages were all engaged in caring for the indigo which was everywhere drying by the roadside. The dye is derived from the leaves of a plant much resembling our common smart-weed, which, indeed, is a variety of the same species. The seed is sown in specially prepared beds in the early spring, and

when the young plants are a few inches high they are transplanted to the open field. When they are well established they look like an American clover field before the blossoms open. About the last of August the indigo puts forth its red, odorless blossoms. Before these are fully developed the plants are cut, and the tops and side leaves are stripped from the stems and dried in the sun. During this process the leaves become a dark, dull green, and when they reach this condition they are put away in large straw rope bales, to be sent to market or to await further treatment. The invention of aniline dyes has very much interfered with the indigo trade, but it must still be one of the principal products of this section. I met pack-horse after pack-horse loaded with the bales, and it is still the only dye used in the clothes of the common people.

After passing the fourth village, signs of recent seismic action became plentiful. There were no houses to be wrecked, for the road was taking us over a spur of the mountain where no human habitation had ever existed. But the road was plowed with great fissures, embankments were thrown down, bridges were wrecked, and landslides were numerous.

About eleven o'clock I came to a very neat inn in the village of Sakae. There was no sign of any preparations for the noonday meal, but the cleanliness was so conspicuous that I decided to wait; nor was I obliged to wait long. Two beautiful mountain trout, broiled over the fire, and a chicken *kaiyaki,* with the usual rice, made up the repast. Long before we had discovered the chafing dish it was used in Akita to prepare

the *kaiyaki,* for which the prefecture is noted. A brazier of coals takes the place of the alcohol lamp, and a large scallop shell serves for a dish. Water was boiling in the shell, and the raw chicken, chopped into small bits, was served in a dish with the young onions to be cooked with it. *Shoyu* and sugar were furnished for seasoning it. Sugar as a condiment made me think of Tom Corwin's reply to the lady who asked him if he would have "condiments in his tea:" "Pepper and salt, madam, but no mustard."

In the jinrikisha again, after dinner, the dreamy weather threw over me the charm which every one feels sometimes in Japan. No leaf stirred, not a sound broke the stillness. The lazy crows forgot to caw, and the banks of white clouds seemed asleep on the mountains. I forgot the earthquake and all else, and seemed to be rolling on and on in a dream which had never begun and from which I never wanted to be awakened. But at last we crossed a long wooden bridge and entered the town of Omagari, and my dream was at an end. Here fifteen per cent of the houses had sustained some sort of injury. Eight residents had been killed and eleven wounded.

After a night's rest in an inn propped up with large timbers, to keep it from tumbling over, I set out, with a jinrikisha man to "personally conduct" me, through the villages in the neighborhood. Of the solitary farm houses and little hamlets which we passed, not one was left intact. Most of the houses were entirely overthrown, and those which stood at all did so only by the help of props and poles. The

people were living in rude sheds of boards and matting, and all, from the oldest grandmother to the youngest child, were working over the wreck to save what was possible. There appeared to be little suffering, but during the ten days of heavy rains immediately following the earthquake, the state of things must have been most distressing.

The largest town in the region is Rokugo. It had eleven hundred houses and a population



AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

of six thousand five hundred and fifty-eight. In a large school house I found a hospital established and the wounded being well cared for by the surgeons and nurses of the Red Cross Society. Most of the cases were either old people or young children, as at the time of the accident, five in the afternoon, most of the able-bodied men and women were at work in the distant rice fields. This explains the comparatively small loss of life. Except for an old woman left at home to keep house and to look

after the children too small to go to work, most of the houses were empty, and even the caretakers were generally out of doors when the houses fell.

At the village of Senya the motion was vertical, and the appearance everywhere was as if an explosion of some kind had taken place directly beneath the village. I was shown a storehouse the polished floor of which was thrown up in the center about two feet. The heavy stone door-sill was broken into slices about an inch thick, almost as evenly as one could cut a cake. Under the house ran a great fissure at least six inches wide.

The road to the next village, about five miles, was the worst I saw. Every bridge was broken, and for as much as a mile the bed of the road



COMPLETELY DESTROYED.

had subsided and was covered with about a foot of running water. My jinrikisha man, as he waded through it, said that the bottom was covered with fine sand.

At the village of Takanashi is the residence of Mr. I. Ikeda, the richest man in the prefecture and until recently a member of the upper chamber of the Imperial Diet. The Japanese do avowedly and by constitutional provision what we do practically, and give their millionaires a seat in the Senate. In each prefecture the fifteen highest taxpayers are entitled to elect one of their number to that body. Five generations ago the house of Ikeda became rich, and its subsequent heads have increased the family possessions as they have passed them on, until the present Mr. Ikeda is said to own five square *ri*, twenty-eight square miles, of rice lands. His house, with its office and warehouses and other outbuildings, looked like a small village. Mr. Ikeda and his family were living in a temporary shelter, while a large body of workmen were engaged in tearing down a wrecked warehouse and clearing up the premises, which, I should think, were about half destroyed. He told me that the motion at his house was entirely horizontal, but so violent that he was repeatedly thrown down in attempting to cross his yard. When he learned that I was an American, Mr. Ikeda wanted to know all about our impending Presidential election and what effect I thought it would have on Japanese finances.

Two miles more of such scenes as I had been seeing all day brought me back to my starting point at Omagari. If a deliberate selection had

been made of a suitable place for an earthquake, a more favorable location could hardly have been chosen than this sparsely settled region. How little would have been left of one of our great cities had such a convulsion occurred beneath it! An earthquake is certainly the most appalling of all the operations of nature. The cyclone and the thunder-storm may be predicted and their coming watched, but the earthquake gives no notice of its approach, and no one can tell when its destruction is finished. Those who know it best fear it most. Before such awful convulsions of nature only two attitudes are possible: abject terror or stolid indifference. The Japanese generally adopt the latter, and it colors all their mental traits. "*Shi kata ga nai*"—"there is nothing to be done; it can't be helped." They say it under all circumstances in life, but they have learned its true significance in such experiences as these.



LOO CHOO—A FORGOTTEN KINGDOM.

LOO CHOO—A FORGOTTEN KINGDOM.

Few foreigners visit the Loo Choo Islands, and even the Japanese, with their multiplied interests elsewhere, seldom now ever think of them. Their very geography is forgotten, and we need to remind ourselves that there are in all thirty-six islands, extending from the twenty-fifth to the twenty-seventh degree of north latitude, and that they have a population of over 642,000. They are reached by three lines of steamers, sailing from Kobe about once a week. The steamers call at Kagoshima *en route,* whence it is 390 miles, a voyage of two days and nights to Naha, the principal port and largest city of the islands.

But the two days and nights have been almost due south and have made such a change in his surroundings that the visitor from Japan realizes before he comes ashore that he has come to a country wholly different from that he has left behind. The boats which flit past his steamer have nothing in common with the Japanese sampan. They are canoes hewn out of a single log, a variant of the typical canoe used everywhere in the islands of the Pacific. The junks, anchored in the river, have great eyes painted on their bows like the Chinese junks, but they have also a large red ball painted on a white ground at their stern. The

Different From Japanese.

device looks like the Japanese flag, and the two symbols suggest that Loo Choo in its manners and customs resembles both China and Japan. Such is indeed the fact, although the resemblance to China is more marked than to Japan. The islands are also quite unlike Japan in their geological formation, and in their climate and vegetation. The coral formation of the islands is manifested by the reefs on which the waves are breaking in the offing, and by the fantastic shapes and beautifully colored coral rock everywhere plainly seen in the absolutely transparent waters. The islands are not quite in the tropics, but the *Kuro Shiwo,* the gulf stream of the Far East, sweeps by them and the climate is always warm, and yet is so tempered by constant sea breezes that it is not as hot as we should expect to find it. Since weather observations have been kept, the highest temperature noted is 95°, and the lowest 41°. As for rainfall, the people say that in summer they have thirty-five rainy days each month!

Though so far south of Satsuma, the vegetation is less dense, the woods are freer from undergrowth and the whole landscape is much less tropical than in Japan proper. Massive pines are the most prominent trees, but around Naha almost every hilltop is covered with a low growth of sago palms. The graceful bamboo, which does so much to beautify the rural landscape of Japan, is almost wholly wanting. It grows luxuriantly enough in Loo Choo, but in ancient times the Japanese compelled the Loo Chooans to cut all their bamboos down, and they have never been extensively planted since. The banyan, called by the Loo Chooans the

Gaja Maru, is another conspicuous tree. Sometimes the banyan is seen growing erect, its tendrils dropping down and rooting themselves or hanging half way, swinging in the air like the arms of a great octopus. More often the banyan grows like a great vine, running along the top of the walls, rooting itself from time to



CITY GATE IN SHURI.

time until it reaches a hundred feet or more from the original root. This species of banyan gives the walls a fresh, green look, but it affords a hiding place for the deadly *habu,* a species of adder, with which the islands abound.

The snakes, which lurk thus on the walls, are six or seven feet long and two or three inches in diameter. Their bite is generally fatal in a few hours, and many deaths from

them are reported every year. They are worst in the island of Oshima, where they enter the houses, crawling up into the roofs in pursuit of rats. Both in this island and Naha the Japanese Government has established laboratories, where the poison is studied and a serum prepared with which the bite is said to be very successfully treated. In the laboratory at Oshima at the time of my visit over seven hundred squirming, hissing reptiles were kept. A bounty of five cents a head is paid for every *habu* brought in, and snake-catching has become one of the regular occupations of Loo Choo. The Loo Chooan snake-catchers do not use the forked stick which is used elsewhere, but catch the *habu* by means of a straight stick, which they apply just behind the head, holding the reptile down with it for an instant, until the other hand can close with a death-like grip around the squirming reptile's neck. The government bounty alone might not be sufficient to make snake-catching a lucrative business but for the fact that, after the heads have been sold to the government, the bodies of the snakes bring twenty-five or thirty cents for use as medicines. A Japanese fellow passenger on one of my Loo Choo trips told me they were



BANYAN TREE.

very good, tasting when well cooked something like chicken. They may be very delicious, but I have never felt like trying them.

Under circumstances like those which prevail in Loo Choo, it does not require any violent mental gymnastics to turn from the subject of snakes to the consideration of food products. In Loo Choo, as wherever the Chinese or Japanese influence has been strong, rice is grown; but it is not the principal article of food, and its cultivation seems careless and haphazard when compared with the methods employed in Japan. The Japanese residents of the islands complain that the rice grown in Loo Choo has neither the flavor nor the nutritive qualities of the rice grown at home, and large quantities of Japanese rice are imported from Kagoshima every year. But, whether native grown or imported, only the better off among the Loo Chooan people make rice their daily diet. The better-off Loo Chooans, especially in the cities, are more and more adopting Japanese food and Japanese cooking, but the common people for the most part live on sweet potatoes and a kind of starch made from the sago palm, with a few bowls of rice on great occasions. The sweet potato is called in most parts of Japan the "Satsuma potato," because from that province it was diffused over the empire. In Satsuma itself it is called the "Loo Choo potato," and the name again carries the history of the potato wrapped up with it. In Loo Choo the tuber is called the "Chinese potato," and once more the name seems to point to the source whence the potato was introduced into the islands. It is so cheap in every part

of Japan that the foreign resident seldom sees it upon his table, because his cook disdains to serve anything so common. In most Japanese cities there are shops and stalls where a half dozen hot baked ones may be bought for a cent; and the young men of Tokyo jokingly refer to it as the "student's friend," because in no other form can the impecunious student buy so much food for a cent. Loo Choo should be the student's paradise, for nowhere else in the empire will he find so many friends! But cheap as are sweet potatoes, even they can not always be had, and many of the people are obliged often to use the coarse sago palm starch. It is a poor and unwholesome food, and much sickness is said to follow its continued use. An abundance of fruit is associated with our idea of a tropical or semi-tropical country, and oranges, lemons, or almost any kind of tropical or semi-tropical fruit would flourish in Loo Choo if it were introduced, but the Japanese, who are doing all that is being done to exploit the islands, care little for fruit which really forms no part of their daily diet, and few experiments in fruit culture have been made. The one fruit which flourishes in the islands is the banana, which furnishes the people both food and clothing, its fiber being used to weave a kind of coarse cloth which forms their summer dress.

In addition to their vegetable diet, the better class of Loo Chooans make constant use of fish, and especially of pork. The fish caught in Loo Choo are exceedingly beautiful, but the fine food fishes for which Japan is so noted are seldom found. The lack of fish is made up by the

abundance of pork. The pig is very much in evidence in Loo Choo, and it is a poor Loo Chooan indeed who does not keep at least one. Pigs are not exactly "kept in the parlor," for the ordinary Loo Chooan house has no such room, but their sties usually occupy the front yards, and the total value of the pork produced must be a considerable item in the annual Loo Chooan revenue. A Japanese stock company has started a packing establishment in Naha, where all the latest appliances are in use, and hams and bacon made here are shipped to Shanghai as well as to the ports of Japan.

The revenue from pigs, however, is a mere by-product; the chief commercial product of the islands is sugar. It is produced in the most primitive way, though the Japanese Government is doing all in its power, apparently with little success, to introduce improved methods. The crop is planted by hand, cultivated by hand, cut by hand, and carried by hand to the cane-mill. Here for the first time anything like machinery appears, but the cane-mill is almost too simple to be dignified by that name. It is operated by four men and a Loo Chooan pony. The horse propels the great beam which turns the rollers. One man drives the horse, two others feed the rollers with stalks of cane, and a boy on the other side turns the cane back between a second pair of rollers. Two or three other men are kept at work leisurely removing the leaves from the stalks and preparing them for the mill. The labor problems which beset the Hawaiian sugar planter are unknown in Loo Choo, and with wages at from ten to fifteen cents a day, hand labor is cheaper than ma-

chinery, even if the Loo Choo farmer had wit enough to use it. In a low, thatched shed near the cane-mill the juice is evaporated in a shallow pan over a fire made of the dried refuse from the mill. Each plantation seems to have its own mill, and in the sugar season the whole atmosphere is heavy with the sweet odor of boiling syrup. The finished product is packed in tubs the size of half a flour barrel and is carried to market suspended from a pole borne on the shoulders of two men, or two such tubs are balanced on a sturdy Loo Choo pony. A refinery was once established in Oshima, the northern island of the group, but it was not a financial success and has been abandoned. Most of the crude sugar now goes to Osaka, where it is refined for use, as the Japanese care very little for any but a white sugar.



MAKING SUGAR.

Sugar is too much of a staple to fulfill the requirements of a *meibutsu,* as the Japanese call any product for which a place is celebrated. Loo Choo has, however, several of these meibutsu, the most noted being cloth and lacquer. The Japanese Government has been trying to improve the processes by which the various kinds of cloth are woven, and quite an extensive

establishment is maintained under official auspices in the old capital at Shuri, but aside from this one factory most of the weaving is a domestic industry and is done on a loom as simple as can be well imagined. The frame has but three sides, and the weaver hitches the web to her own waist, so that the woman herself forms the fourth side. The cotton cloth woven in Loo Choo is strong and durable, but not especially handsome. It is dyed with indigo, and the commonest pattern is a blue ground flecked with white spots. The number and minuteness of these specks of white determine the value of the cloth. A kind of silk called Loo Choo *tsumugi,* black, with the same kind of minute white specks, is woven on the same rude loom. This article has been very fashionable in Japan in recent years, and the



LOO CHOO WOMAN WEAVING.

better qualities of it are quite expensive. The design, both in the cotton and the silk, is produced by tying fine strings around the bunches of thread before it is dyed. After it is dyed the strings are untied, and a white undyed spot is left on the thread in the place of every string. The closer together the strings are tied, the more specks the woven goods will show to the inch. The threads are tied by deft-fingered boys, who use their teeth to remove the covering threads. For this exacting labor they are paid about four cents a day! Another kind of cloth, a fine, white fabric called *jofu,* is woven from hemp on some of the islands. There are various grades of this, but the best qualities are exceedingly fine and correspondingly high in price, ranging from seventy-five cents to four dollars a yard.

Unlike cloth-weaving, the manufacture of lacquer is not a domestic industry, but, estimated by our standards of business, it, too, is carried on in a very small way. The ware made in Loo Choo owes its handsome red color to the use of vermilion, which is imported from China. The newly made lacquer is a dull brown, but it improves with age, and the best pieces become brighter and clearer the longer they are used. The principal factories are now in Japanese hands, and the decorations in relief on some of the best pieces are veritable works of art.

Another industry which has recently sprung up and for which the islands are likely to become noted, is the manufacture of hats resembling the famous Panama and said to rival them in durability and comfort. The Loo Choo



Making Panama Hats in Loo Choo.

hatters, however, seem to have an exaggerated idea of the value of their product, for they ask about as much for them as for the better grades of the older and better known head-wear.

Turning from the products to those who produce them, we find the people of Loo Choo an even more mixed race than the Japanese. Various theories have been advanced by anthropologists to account for their origin and relationship, and even one who makes no claim to scientific knowledge in the matter can find types among the people resembling the Chinese and the Japanese, and some unlike either. It is easy enough to recognize the Loo Chooan man so long as he placards himself with his nationality by wearing his native dress, and especially by doing up his hair in the Loo Chooan style. But when he dons the Japanese attire and dispenses with his hair in Japanese fashion—the modern Japanese man seems to have no use for hair, for he keeps his head clipped like a well-trimmed lawn—then the recognition of the Loo Chooan man's nationality becomes more difficult. His closely cropped head exposes all his cranial development to view, but I never could discover any phrenological development peculiar enough to differentiate his head from that of an ordinary Japanese. The Japanese themselves say they can not recognize a Loo Chooan man except by his speech and dress. The peculiarities of the Loo Chooan peasant women are much easier to recognize. These women hardly average more than four feet in height, and are not so tall as the Japanese women, but their most marked characteristics are their erect carriage, their

square, broad shoulders, and their deep chests, the results of their universal habit of carrying everything on their heads. All of this contrasts very strangely with the round shoulders and stooping habit of the Japanese women. I have not seen a really stupid-looking Loo Chooan woman. They have fine eyes and remarkably musical voices. Some of the older women have hard, stern-looking faces, which remind me of some old Irish women I have seen, and raise a query whether, hard-working drudge as she is, the Loo Chooan woman does not have a temper of her own. They seem to be able to make good use of their tongues, and never to be at a loss for an answer. Some of the women who came to my hotel with cloth for sale were taller than the Japanese maids at the house, and one of them must have been at least five feet six or seven inches. She explained the matter, however, when she told me that she and the other women were of Chinese descent, the remains of a colony of thirty-six people who came to the islands to teach Chinese, in 1391, and who have managed to preserve their lineage during all these years and still form a little colony, living together in that part of the city of Naha known as Kumemura.

Failing to solve the problem of the origin and relationships of the Loo Chooan people from their physical characteristics, we would naturally turn to their language and literature for guidance. But, alas! we find here even greater difficulties. There is practically no Loo Chooan literature, and the speech of to-day shows too strong a Japanese influence to be a reliable guide to the ancient language. There

is a national drama, but it has never been reduced to writing; each actor learns his lines from the lips of his predecessor in the rôle. There is also a most interesting body of short poems. A collection of these has been made and printed; but transcribed as they are in the Japanese character they are full of mistakes, and can not be taken accurately to represent the originals. For the rest the scholars of Loo Choo have for centuries used Chinese as the medium of written intercourse, and since the Japanese conquest, A. D. 1609, that language, also, has been studied, and some of the scholars of the islands have used it in preference to the native speech. The only recent foreign authority on the subject of "Things Loo Chooan" is Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, who, in addition to all his other valuable work, has written a little book on the Loo Chooan language, which is published in the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan. His conclusion is that the Loo Chooan and Japanese languages resemble each other about as much as do Spanish and Italian, and, like those languages, their resemblances plainly point to a common original language — a language which, could we find it, would probably carry us back to the second or third century before Christ, when the common ancestors of both Japanese and Loo Chooans crossed from Asia to the islands of Kyushu, and there divided; the stronger branch pushing its way north and east, while a few of the weaker members of the invading host lagged behind and, finally, following the lines of least resistance, found their way southward across the chain of islands, which, like

stepping-stones, led them to what is now Loo Choo.



But while anthropologists try to settle the origin of the people of Loo Choo, by possible migrations from Asia by way of Japan or otherwise, the native annals settle the matter by tracing the national origin to a much higher source. Somewhere far back in remote antiquity, they say, a god and a goddess came down from the castle of heaven and settled in Loo Choo. They had five children; three sons and two daughters. The oldest son, named Tenson, become the first king. The second son became the first nobleman, and the third was the first farmer. The daughters of this thrifty family filled the only remaining places by becoming the first Shinto priestesses. For twenty-five generations Tenson's sons are said to have occupied the throne. Their capital was established at Shuri, and the country was divided, as it is at present, into villages and *magiri,* or districts.

The greatest event which occurred during the reign of the Tenson dynasty was the coming of the Chinese. I had almost written of the Romans, for the Chinese Empire in those days was to the East what Rome had been to the West a few centuries earlier—the great source of civilization and refinement; and the Chinese conquest of Loo Choo, which occurred A. D. 607, can only be paralleled in Western history by the Roman conquest of Britain. But China's idea of the conquest, and the subsequent control of conquered peoples, was far more liberal than that of ancient Rome or modern Europe. China's ideal was to be the

teacher of her civilization to these people on the outskirts of the world, and not to be their ruler, so she contented herself with receiving the submission of their kings and a small tribute from them as an acknowledgement of her superiority as a teacher. This tribute resembled the presents the Oriental student brings his teacher on certain occasions far more than it resembled our modern taxes. Its annual reception, involving the entertainment of the Loo Chooan embassy, which carried it and the gifts the emperor gave in return, probably cost China many times the money value of the tribute itself. At any rate, what were a few gifts of cloth or grain and fruit, or horses, sulphur, and shells, or any of the things which made up the Loo Choo tribute, in comparison with the calendar, the Confucian writings, and the arts and literature of China? Loo Choo owes her very name to the Chinese general who commanded the force which conquered the islands; for, when he saw them at a distance, he was charmed with their beauty, and compared their shape to globes *(ryu)* floating *(kyu)* on the water, and so he called them *Ryu Kyu,* "Floating Globes," or, as the Chinese pronounce the same characters, Loo Choo.

Not long after the Chinese conquest of Loo Choo, only a matter of some five or six hundred years, which is a short time in the history of the long-lived East, the islands fell under the influence of Japan. In the twelfth century all Japan was convulsed by the struggle between the Taira and Minamoto clans, which resulted in the complete defeat of the latter at the

great naval battle of Dan-no-Ura, in 1185. In the contests which led up to this decisive battle, the champion of the Minamoto clan was a famous archer named Tametomo. He was said to be as strong as fifty men, and, because his right arm was shorter than his left, to be able to draw a bow which four ordinary men could not bend, shooting an arrow five feet long. When his clan was defeated, Tametomo was taken captive by his enemies, and, in accord with the savage customs of the times, the muscle of his arm was cut and he was sent in a cage to Idzu. From Idzu he soon escaped, and fled to the south. After various adventures he came to Loo Choo, where he married a Loo Choo woman, and their son, Shuten, became the first of a new dynasty of Loo Chooan kings. Tametomo seems to have been more than a mere blustering swashbuckler and to have had some knowledge of letters, for to him is attributed the introduction of the Japanese syllabary into Loo Choo.



MACHI MINATO.
Where Tametomo's Wife Died Waiting for His Return.

From the time of King Shuten the Japanese influence in the islands was probably almost dominant. Buddhism was introduced from Japan in 1260, and Japanese missionaries frequently visited the islands. Other Japanese fugitives and adventurers probably came to the islands, as well as Tametomo. But Japan never enjoyed a monopoly of influence. In those days even Japan herself looked up with reverence to her great and powerful neighbor to the west, whence most of her religion, arts, and literature had been borrowed, and it is not strange that the little Kingdom of Loo Choo, seeing this process of borrowing going on, preferred to get her civilization at first hand from China. The Loo Chooans expressed their relation to the two countries by saying that China was their father and Japan was their mother; and we must put the Oriental value on these relationships to understand the real meaning of that saying. An instance of this paternal power of China occurred in 1430, when the Ming emperor, Tsiian Tung, gave the kings of Loo Choo the family name of Sho, which their descendants still bear.

Unfortunately for the peace of Loo Choo, the same chain of islands which had served as stepping-stones for the passage of her first inhabitants and over which Tametomo had crossed so easily, now connected her with Satsuma, the strongest and most warlike of the provinces of Japan. At the beginning of the seventeenth century Satsuma was thoroughly united, and her warriors, many of whom had just returned from Hideyoshi's expedition

against Korea, were thirsting for further exploits. Why not invade Loo Choo, and add these islands to the territory of the *fief?* With this thought the Prince of Satsuma applied to the Shogun for permission. It was readily granted, and an army of three thousand men, commanded by Generals Kabayama and Hirata, was sent to invade the islands. They won an easy victory over the unwarlike islanders, and carried the king back with them, to grace their triumphant return to Satsuma. The king was treated kindly and with all the honor due his rank, and when he had given in his allegiance to the Satsuma prince he was allowed to return to his home, but from this time his kingly power was limited; while he was allowed to keep his court and his titles, he was required to maintain a residence in the Satsuma capital and to leave some of his immediate family there as hostages, while officials of the Satsuma Government were sent to reside in Naha. They may not have been governors in the strict sense of that word, but they dictated the policy of the little kingdom and prevented any independent action by its king. They made a survey of the islands, to ascertain their tax-paying power, and collected taxes from the people.

The question which naturally arises is, while all these things were going on in Loo Choo, what action did China take? She did not know anything about it until long after it was all over, and then, since Loo Choo paid her tribute as usual, and sent to China to secure the imperial investment for each new king, just as she had formerly done, China simply preserved her

"face" and did nothing.[1] China's idea of her dignity was strong enough in itself to prevent her stooping to interfere in the quarrels which occurred among the barbarous nations on the outskirts of the world. But the prosperous trade with Foochow which the Satsuma Prince began to carry on by way of Loo Choo, may have been an additional reason for non-interference. Previous to the centering of all Japan's foreign commerce at Nagasaki, Bonotsu, on the west coast of Satsuma, had been the port of entry for this Chinese trade, the large profits of which went entirely to enrich the house of Shimadzu, the lords of Satsuma, and contributed nothing to the Japanese central govern-

[1] How China regarded all the rest of the earth about this time may be judged from a decree issued by the Emperor about fifty years after the Japanese invasion of Loo Choo. He has appointed the former Vice-Minister of War to be ambassador to Loo Choo with a suite composed of a vice-ambassador, an astronomical student, two doctors, two military attaches and two hundred soldiers. To their care he commits this decree:—

"Emperors and kings take care of their conduct and the arrangement of national affairs. Then they can be pleasing to God above, and to the officials and subjects beneath. And consequently all foreign countries are very glad to be the dependencies of this great country. I inherited the great deeds of my ancestors and now have the Celestial Empire. My good name and instructions spread through places which are both far and near. I never give away any country which is far away from us. I send an ambassador there to let the island kingdom get some goodness from me. Now you Loo Chooans situated far away in the South have a good Crown Prince, who knows the direction of time and power and obeys my instructions. This Prince ordered Ma Tsong-ne, his uncle, to bring tribute to our country; asked for the calendar; presented a dispatch in which he showed his obedience, and the seal and decree, etc., given by the Ming Dynasty. I am very glad on that account. Therefore I have appointed Chang Shou-li the Vice Minister of the Board of War, and Wang Khan, to go to Loo Choo. I give you the decree, seal and satins marked with colors, etc., and choose you to be king of Tsang Shang. And you subjects take care to assist your King and Duke; obey them and be careful of your duty so as to prolong your country for thousands and thousands of years. Now I give the King a seal and thirty pieces of satin."—From Leavenworth's Loo Choo Islands, p. 135.

It sounds egotistical enough, but running all through it, there is something very akin to the White Man's Burden, and the care for the "little brown brothers far away in the South," is not wholly selfish. It requires a certain amount of—let us call it self-esteem, to pose as a philanthropist.

ment. This was the trade which was now transferred to Loo Choo, and for the accommodation of which storehouses were established at Naha. The trade was irregular, not to say illegal; but the central government of Japan was, no doubt, willing to shut both its eyes to the irregular conduct of a prince too distant and too powerful to be punished.

Japanese interests in Loo Choo became more and more important as the years passed, and it was inevitable that, sooner or later, Japan and China must come into collision over the question of the ownership of the islands. Singularly enough, this arose when Loo Choo, which still called itself a tributary of China, appealed to Japan for protection against Formosa, another dependency of China. It occurred in this wise: In December, 1871, a Loo Chooan junk was stranded on the southern coast of Formosa, and fifty-four of its crew were murdered by the head-hunting savages of that island. The Loo Chooans, in their hour of need, appealed not to father China, but to mother Japan, and the mother at once came upon the play-ground to punish the naughty conduct of the neighboring children. The expedition against Formosa sailed in 1874. China protested against it, and for a time war between China and Japan over the incident seemed inevitable. Diplomacy, however, prevailed, and the two governments entered into an agreement at Tientsin in October, 1874. In this brief document the justice of Japan's proceedings is acknowledged, and China agrees to pay "an indemnity of one hundred thousand taels for the relief of the families of *the subjects of Japan* who were mur-

dered." Not only in this place, but throughout this document China speaks of the Loo Chooans as subjects of Japan, and nowhere in it does she refer to Loo Choo as a dependency of China.

From this time Japan treated the islands as her own exclusive territory. Indeed, she had already begun to do so, for in 1872 she had made the Loo Chooan king a marquis, given him a residence in Tokyo, and granted him an annual allowance of 30,000 yen. At the same time she assumed the national debt of the little kingdom, and in every way asserted her complete authority over it. The Loo Chooans objected to being thus heartlessly disowned by father China, and at once sent a representative to that country to protest and ask a continuance of the suzerainty. The notes of the Loo Chooan ambassador's formal argument for the Chinese ownership of the islands are rather long, but are sufficiently amusing to be quoted.

> "1. The Japanese say that Loo Choo communicated with Japan in the time of the Sui Dynasty, but this is not true, for at that time we had communications with China. We did not send any tribute to Japan until the time of the Ming Dynasty. What they say is not true.
>
> "2. The Japanese say that our country is only as large as the Satsuma Province in Japan, and that our country belongs to their southern islands; but this is not true.
>
> "3. Abstracts are given from the mythical stories of the Loo Chooans'

ancestors, so as to prove that the Loo Chooans are not the descendants of Japanese ancestors.

"4. The Japanese formerly recognized Loo Choo as a kingdom; but now they call our country simply a fief. The Japanese cheat us very much.

"5. Abstracts from another ancient history, to prove that the Loo Chooans worshiped Shinto, which was not introduced from Japan.

"6. All the ceremonies were introduced from China, not from Japan.

"7. Because we use the forty-eight letters of the alphabet it can not be said that our country is the property of Japan; moreover, the letters of the alphabet were invented by our king, Shen Tien Wang.[1]

"8. The Japanese say that we can speak Japanese, and therefore we are Japanese; but then we can say that the Japanese who can speak Loo Chooan are Loo Chooans.

"9. Japan says that she helped us when we suffered from famine, therefore Loo Choo ought to be part of Japan. If this is so, then, since Shensi has been helped at one time by Austria when there was a famine there, can we say that Shensi is a part of Austria?

"10. That we use the Chinese calendar, etc., is a fact which is known to every country."

[1] This contention refers to the Japanese *kana* or syllabary, the origin of which is undoubtedly Japanese.

This Loo Chooan official, whose name the Chinese call Hsiang Teh-hung, must have been selected for his oratorical ability, for he is said to have "cried bitterly" when received in audience, and he closes his petition by saying:

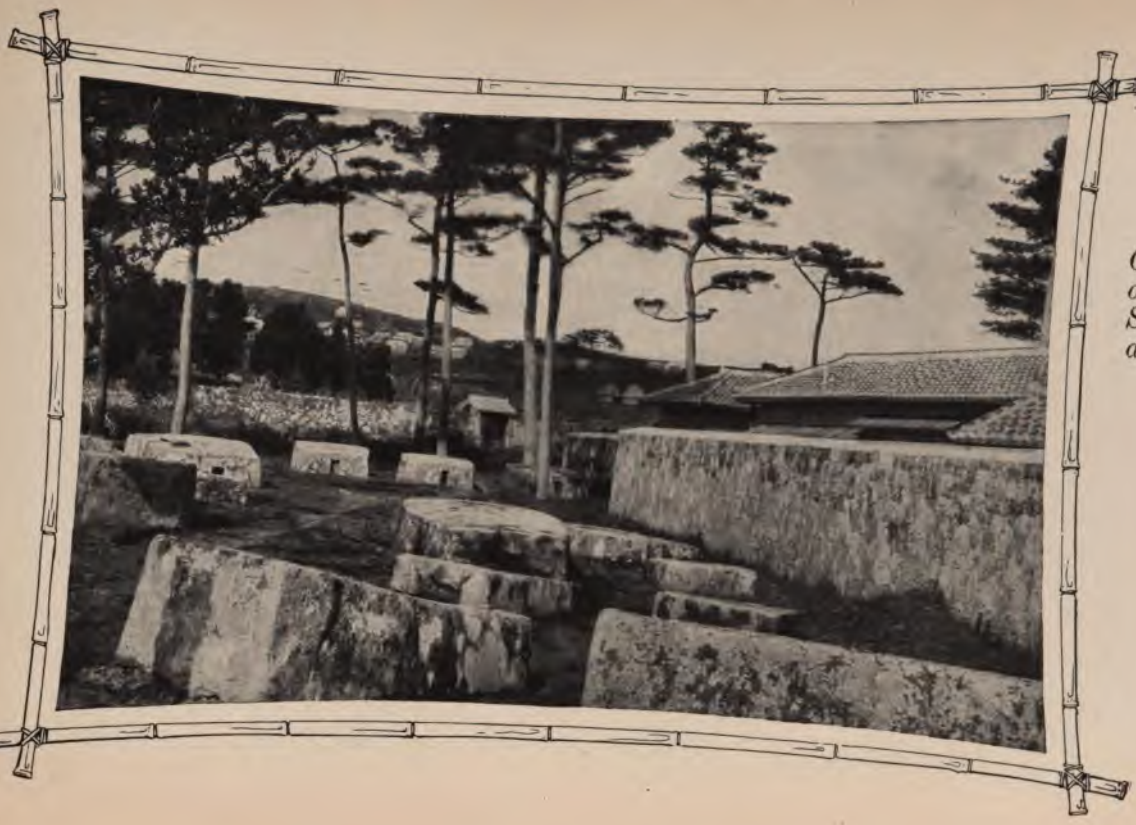
> "We will never be subjects controlled by Japan, and also we will never be Japanese spirits when we die."

At the time of this contention General Grant was in China, on his famous tour of the world, and was appealed to by the Chinese Government to mediate in the matter. Mr. Chas. A. Leavenworth has translated some interesting references to this mediation from the letters and dispatches of the late Li Hung Chang. General Grant seems to have approached the matter cautiously. He rebukes the arrogant tone of China's dispatches, and counsels moderation and compromise. He seems, indeed, to have mediated so skillfully that both China and Japan claim the decision. Li Hung Chang's papers show that, after Grant's return, the Loo Chooan question came up at intervals in the Chinese office for nearly five years. But Li Hung Chang reveals his political insight by remarking in his last letter to General Grant that he does not think Japan can yield, since she has already annexed the islands.

The Loo Chooan official class continued to be dissatisfied until the close of the Japan-China War, but when they saw that Japan, with her modern methods, could conquer China, their opposition ceased, and, notwithstanding the assertions of their representative, Hsiang, they

are now most loyal Japanese subjects; but whether they have consented to become Japanese spirits, I do not know.

In tracing the history and domestic relations of the little Loo Chooan kingdom we have overlooked her foreign relations, which were quite out of proportion to her size and present importance. But in the early part of the nineteenth century Japan was still a closed country, and China had so few open ports that western countries were looking everywhere for suitable commercial and naval bases in Far Eastern waters. In 1816 an English naval expedition had visited Loo Choo, and one of its officers, Captain Basil Hall, wrote an account of the people, which gave the Western world its first accurate knowledge of the islands. When Commodore Perry's expedition was sent to the Far East, a treaty of friendship with the king of Loo Choo was thought almost as important as one with Japan itself. The expedition spent several weeks at Naha resting and refitting, and, while there, sent out an exploring party, one of whom was the celebrated poet and traveler Bayard Taylor, whose sketch of the islands is still interesting and accurate. After brushing aside many subterfuges on the part of the Loo Chooan authorities, and a display of that masterful diplomacy which he knew so well how to use and which was to stand him in such good stead later in Japan, Perry obtained an interview with the regent of Loo Choo, and later a treaty was negotiated. But the opening of Japan so completely eclipsed that of the little kingdom to the south that few people remember that such a treaty was ever contemplated.



Graves of American Sailors at Naha.

It was, however, not the only treaty negotiated about the same time, for the French, by a still greater display of the power of the mailed fist, obtained a similar convention. All of these things, however, have now lost their importance, for since 1879 Loo Choo has been a prefecture of the Japanese Empire under the name of Okinawa, and the kingdom of Loo Choo has disappeared forever. The government is carried on by the same system of officials and bureaus in use in the other parts of the empire, except that the organization of cities and towns is not in force, and there is as yet no prefectural assembly and the islands have no representation in the Diet. Japan has been solving the same problems in Loo Choo which the United States has more recently met in the Philippines. But Japan has not encountered the same determined opposition which has so complicated things for America. The quiet and peaceful Loo Chooans can not be compared for a moment with the turbulent and warlike Filipinos, and the watch-cry at Manila is independence, while in Shuri and Naha it was only a choice of dependency. But at the close of the Japan-China War the former king of Loo Choo cut off his cue, and with the fall of the royal top-knot the last opposition to Japan's reforms came to an end. While all the cues are not cut off, few young men wear them, and the complete assimilation of the islands to the Japanese language and customs is only a matter of years. Japan's success in Loo Choo and, on a larger scale, in Formosa argues well for her ability to deal with the more difficult problems in Manchuria and with the most complicated

problem of all—with Korea—when once she has a perfectly free hand in that peninsula.

The most conspicuous material evidences of Japan's success, the prefectural offices, courts, high schools, normal schools, government hospital, and all the offices and departments by which the machinery of Japanese government is carried on, are located at Naha and Shuri, but everywhere throughout the islands the organizing and directing head of the government may be traced. A cable connects the islands with the main land, and the principal towns are united by telegraph. Every village has its primary school and its *yakuba,* or village office. A network of good roads has been planned, and much has been done on them in the last three years. Agricultural experiment stations have been opened, and a marked improvement may be noted in the agriculture of the islands. The principals of all the higher schools and the more important officials are Japanese, but the subordinate positions are filled by native Loo Chooans. The governor, Baron Nahabara, has held his position for many years and is thoroughly familiar with everything connected with the islands. All the Japanese officials seem to be specially selected men. Most of these men live in Naha, where there is a Japanese population of about 3,000, but many of the teachers have their home in Shuri, the old capital. The two places are practically one city, with a population of 65,000. In Naha there are good Japanese hotels, shops, and offices, but outside of these two cities and three or four other towns the life is exceedingly primitive. There are no hotels, and even in

towns of ten thousand inhabitants there are almost no shops. Travelers must carry their own food and bedding, and use the government rest houses connected with the village offices.

With all the improvements Japan has introduced, Loo Choo is not yet Japan, and the difference in the customs and habits of the two peoples is quite as marked as the geological and geographical differences of the two countries. One of the Chinese emperors gave Loo Choo the name of "The Land which observes Propriety," and a tablet with that inscription may still be seen near the entrance to the palace in the old capital. So well did the men of the higher classes observe propriety that they made it a point of religion to abstain from everything but official employment, and the men of the lower classes copied their example just as far as it was possible. In describing the character of the men of Loo Choo, two appropriate alliterations present themselves, "Lazy Loo Chooans" or "Licentious Loo Chooans." It would be no mistake to compromise by using both.



MARKET SCENE IN NAHA.

But, however we describe the men, the women of Loo Choo can not be too highly praised. They are energetic, shrewd, and remarkably self-reliant. In the markets only women are to be seen, and everything connected with money, with the single slight exception of spending it, seems to be in their hands. The fishermen sell their catch in a lump for so much cash to their wives, who peddle out the fish and keep the profits. It would be an admirable system, much to be commended to the advocates of equal rights for men and women, were it not for the fact that the men take their share and spend it all in dissipation, and expect their wives, out of their earnings, to provide food and clothing not only for themselves and their children, but also for their lazy lords as well. So useless, from an economic point of view, do the men seem that it is said that women who are left widows early in life usually get rich. The richest householders in the city of Naha are widows.



LOO CHOOAN GENTLEMAN.

The traveler generally first becomes aware of the business ability of the Loo Choo woman when half a dozen or more of them invade his room at the hotel with cloth to sell. Woe betide him if, in an unguarded moment, he allows them to show it to him when he does not wish to buy. No Western book agent was ever more persistent. No matter how he tries to get rid of

them, nor how many times he says he does not want their wares, they return undiscouraged to the assault again and again, "*Tammono o kai nushoi*"—"Please buy some cloth"—until at last the traveler buys what he does not want, as a tribute to their importunity. After long experience I have found a sure means of defense. When I can stand their importunity no longer, my camera proves as effective in scattering them as a Gatling gun trained upon a mob.

The furtive snapshots I have succeeded in taking in Loo Choo show men and women alike, dressed in indigo blue cloth in winter and in cloth made from the fiber of the banana plant in the summer. The men's dress is much like that of the men of Japan, except that they wear their girdles tied in front instead of behind. The outer garments of the women are worn open and flowing, and are held in place with one hand. Ladies who know what it is to be obliged to leave one hand free to hold up trailing skirts, can appreciate the inconvenience of this, but the Loo Choo woman is not so greatly troubled as her American sister, for she never has her hands full of parcels. She carries all her parcels on her head, leaving both hands free. The Loo Chooan women carry in this way burdens which they can not lift, and it is not unusual to see a woman walk off with a load which two men have placed upon her head! It would be interesting to know how heavy a weight they can actually carry. I am told that they will carry 130 *kin,* about 172 pounds; and as a load for a native pony is two tubs of sugar, 150 *kin* each, a woman carries almost half a

pony load. Not only the weight, but the nature of her burden is surprising. Any day a woman may be seen with a great jar or a nest of sugar tubs as high as herself thus poised on her head, leaving both hands free. Every morning women come into town with two live pigs in a sort of straw basket, which they are carrying to market on their heads. No little pigs anywhere else in the world go to market as comfortably, to themselves, at least, as the little black pigs of Loo Choo!



LOO CHOO—PIGS GOING TO MARKET.

Under the circumstances we could not expect the Loo Choo woman to wear a very elaborate or very expensive head covering, and, as an actual fact, she never wears anything on her head. The more delicate men, however, wear several styles of hats. Both men and women always go barefoot.

A marked feature of the dress of both sexes, and one which in olden times told at a glance the rank of the wearer, is the hair-pin. The men hold their cues in place on the top of the head by two short hair-pins; made of gold or silver in case of the nobility or gentry, and of pewter or wood among the common people. The women twist their hair into a simple coil on the top of the head, and hold it in place—never exactly in the middle of the head, but indifferently on either side—by a single pin, much larger and heavier than that worn by the men.

A peculiarly feminine custom is the practice of tattooing the backs of the hands. The patterns used differ in the different islands and, to a certain extent, in the different villages and with the rank of the person. Low-class women use a larger design than that employed by the daughters of the higher classes. The origin of the custom dates from the days of the Satsuma conquest. A Satsuma officer is said to have attempted to compel the beautiful daughter of a Loo Choo nobleman to accompany him to the mainland. The next day she appeared before him with her hands and arms tattooed in indigo, and he, supposing that she had contracted some loathsome skin disease, was glad to leave her behind. Such is the legend as I heard it from some of the Loo Choo women themselves. According to another account, tattooing was first done by order of the Loo Choo Government to break up the practice of carrying off Loo Choo women by Japanese officials, who claimed that they were Japanese women. To make such a claim impossible, every Loo Choo woman was required to tattoo her hands. Very likely both accounts are true. The Japanese Government has forbidden the practice, but does not seem able to prevent it.



A LOO CHOO WOMAN'S HANDS.

As necessity, long ago, developed this prac-

tice, which feminine conservatism keeps up even in spite of government prohibition, so another necessity, constantly felt and unchangingly operating, has developed and perpetuated one of the most striking characteristics of the Loo Chooan towns: the nature of their architecture, and especially the roofs of the houses. The breezes, which do so much to temper the summer heat, turn all too often into typhoons, blowing unabated for days and nights, stripping the leaves from the trees and blowing the very sweet potatoes out of the ground. To withstand successfully these frequent storms, the houses are low, never but a single story, and the red-tiled roofs are laid in white plaster in a careful way quite unknown in Japan proper. A high stone wall shuts the whole house in, so that the passer-by can see nothing of the interior. This, indeed, is part of the purpose of its erection; another purpose is to serve as a wind-break and a protection from storms. The floors of the city houses are covered with *tatami,*[1] but the light paper partitions in use in the Japanese houses are replaced by heavy sliding-doors of wood, which make the inner rooms dark and close. The best of them are dirty and squalid. The Loo Chooan country house is a low hut with a thatched roof, supported on four corner posts about five feet high. The walls are made of about three inches of straw thatch, held in place by a kind of matting woven from a species of bamboo grass. The latter encloses the entire house, except about two feet, which serves for both door and

[1] The mats of straw everywhere used in Japan.

window. A curtain of matting closes this when necessary. There is no floor but the earth, over which a mat is spread, on which the inmates sleep. The average house is not more than twelve feet square, and yet it contains at least six people.

Not until a Loo Chooan dies does he come into possession of his real mansion, for the family tombs, as a rule, must cost many times as much as the houses of the living. Men who have lived all their lives in wretched hovels and have never possessed as much as ten dollars at a time, may own tombs worth five hundred or even a thousand dollars. To a Loo Chooan his family tomb represents his entire fortune. His only patrimony consists in the right to a grave! The tombs resemble those of Southern China, and are built of stone above ground. Those of the gentry are covered with a rounded roof, in the shape of the Greek letter *Omega,* while those of the common people have flat pitched roofs. The more expensive tombs have large courts connected with them, where the funeral services and various ancestral feasts can be held.

These, like the tombs themselves, were probably borrowed originally from China. The body is buried in a squatting position in a small tub or box, and is attended to the tomb not only by family and friends, but by hired mourners, who assist with professional lamentations. After the burial the door of the tomb is walled up and the whole tomb is freshly cemented and whitened. Three years later the grave is opened, and the women of the family take the bones and, after carefully picking off whatever

flesh may remain upon them, wash them with alcohol and pack them away in earthen jars on the stone shelves within. If, when a tomb is opened, the body is not decomposed, it is supposed to be a fearfully evil omen and a sure proof of the man's wickedness; hence, to make certain that their kings have died in an odor of perfect sanctity, their graves are not opened for five and even ten years after burial.



A TOMB-COVERED HILL.

If the burial customs of Loo Choo are capable of being traced to China, the marriage customs of the islands are so foolish, disgusting, and so utterly devoid of anything sacred or in any way resembling a ceremony that it is certainly to be hoped that no other country can show anything like them. Early marriages are the rule. From fourteen to seventeen is considered the proper age. Two go-betweens are employed to

bring the marriage about and make the necessary business arrangements connected with it. When these are completed, a lucky day is selected, and the groom's friends assemble to escort him to the house of the bride. Every effort seems to be made to make the bridegroom as ridiculous as possible. He is mounted upon a bamboo hobby-horse, and amid all kinds of rough horse-play the procession starts for the bride's house about three o'clock in the afternoon. There liquor is served to the groom's party, and after drinking awhile they return to the groom's house. Here the drinking continues until after midnight, when the bride arrives, escorted by a party of her friends and the woman who has been her go-between. As soon as the bride's party enters the house they try to put out all the lights, in order to conceal the closely veiled bride from the groom and his friends. A struggle follows, and then the groom's party withdraws to a brothel, where high revel is kept up until morning. When the women are left to themselves, a feast is served to the go-between and the bride's mother. All this time the poor bride is kept closely veiled, and none of the feast comes to her. In the early morning, however, her veil is taken off, and she is dressed in her best and escorted back to her own home. Here another feast is served, this time to the bride's friends. The next evening the same strange procedure is gone through. This is kept up for three days, or even a week; apparently as long as the people have money and physical strength to stand it. The object seems to be, on the one hand, to assert the husband's independence of

his wife; and on the bride's part, to show her freedom from jealousy, that cardinal sin of Oriental wives. Poor Loo Chooan brides! It would be a happy thing for them if they could indeed be without jealousy, for occasions for its exercise will be plentiful enough in the life they are entering upon. The city of Naha has over six thousand registered women, and the brothel occupies the place held by the saloon and the club house in other lands.

To the laziness and licentiousness of the Loo Choo men, almost universal drinking habits must be added. *Awamori,* a much stronger liquor than the Japanese *sake,* is served on every occasion, from birth to death. Another still stronger and cheaper intoxicant, made from sweet potatoes, is also in common use. But, fortunately for Loo Choo, half the population are total abstainers. The women never touch a drop of liquor! As a consequence, while the Ainu, in the north of Japan, whose women drink as well as the men, are dying out from their intemperate habits, the population of Loo Choo is constantly increasing, notwithstanding the dissolute habits of the men.

The low standard of sexual morality among the men of Loo Choo is probably due to the prevalence of Confucianism, with its contemptuous estimate of woman. To the materialistic influences of the same teachings the general lack of religion in the islands is probably to be traced. And this is the more probable because among the lower classes, and especially among the women who never came under this influence, the religious instinct is strongly developed.

The few Buddhist temples of Naha and Shuri, though dirty and dilapidated, are seldom without worshipers. Almost every house has a Buddhist shrine, and even in the country districts, where priests seldom come, the traditions of Buddhist worship are kept up. In addition to this the common people find objects of worship everywhere; a huge tree, a fantastically shaped rock, anything strange or peculiar, soon becomes an object of worship. Many times I have seen women bowed in prayer before a gnarled tree growing out of a rock by the roadside in Shurie. In the most literal sense of the words



LOO CHOO WOMEN AT A SHRINE

"The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone."

But just at the side of this favorite tree shrine stands a public school, across the street from it is another school, within a few minutes' walk is a higher school for girls, and the most prominent building in every village in the islands is the schoolhouse. In the whole group of islands there are one hundred and seventy primary schools.

Education is driving out fetish worship and leaving an unoccupied soil for Christianity's

second invasion of the islands. For the missionary work now being carried on in Loo Choo is on the scene of the first Protestant missionary work within the bounds of the present Japanese Empire. The history of this first work is exceedingly interesting, and if Loo Choo had been really independent, and her people able to do as they pleased, we should, no doubt, have a chronicle of success in Loo Choo similar



THE GOVERNMENT GIRLS' SCHOOL—NAHA.

to that of work in the older stations of China and India.

Let me briefly tell the story of this early mission work, for such a record of earnest faith and heroic endeavor should not be forgotten, even if it did end in comparative failure. Attached to the British expedition of 1816 was an Irish lieutenant, Herbert J. Clifford, who was detailed by his commanding officer to study the Loo Choo language. The kindness of the peo-

ple made a deep impression on Lieutenant Clifford, and after his conversion, which occurred shortly after his return to his native land, he set himself to repay their kindness by sending the gospel to Loo Choo. For fifteen years a correspondence was kept up by Lieutenant Clifford with the Church Missionary Society and with the London Missionary Society in regard to the project, but missionary societies then, as now, were continually short of funds, and Lieutenant Clifford finally resolved "to take the field single-handed." Accordingly the Loo Choo Mission was begun by a letter inserted in the *Achill Herald* on the 9th of February, 1843. During the first year of the mission's existence the sum of £300 was raised. In 1844, at the suggestion of an old messmate of Lieutenant Clifford, it became a naval mission. All its officers and committee were naval men. Lieutenant Clifford became the honorary secretary for Ireland. In 1845 the funds reached £800, and Dr. J. B. Bettelheim, a Hungarian Jew, who had been converted to Christianity about seven years before, was sent out as the society's missionary. He was a graduate in medicine of the University of Padua and spoke about a dozen languages. The passage to Hong Kong cost £220 and required four and a half months. It was three months before a passage to Loo Choo could be secured. Dr. Bettelheim utilized the long voyage and the delay in Hong Kong in the study of Chinese and Loo Chooan, using for the latter the materials collected by Lieutenant Clifford nearly thirty years before. Dr. Bettelheim wrote out many copies of an address in Chinese, explaining his errand to the people

of Loo Choo, and in case of need, he says, he could have expressed himself in Mandarin Chinese or even in Loo Chooan when he landed on the islands. This was a very great gain, as on the day before he sailed the teacher and interpreter he had engaged declined to accompany him. But at the very last moment, just as they were sailing from Hong Kong, another interpreter almost forced himself upon him. His help made it possible for Dr. Bettelheim to communicate satisfactorily with the Loo Chooan authorities from the very start.



TEMPLE IN WHICH DR. BETTELHEIM LIVED.

Dr. Bettelheim finally reached Loo Choo through the kindness of an American merchant, Mr. Henry Fessenden, of New York. This gentleman, becoming interested in the mission, offered to give them a passage in a schooner he was sending to Sydney. Their passage cost $500, which was less than the actual expense of the voyage.

Dr. Bettelheim was kindly received and lodged in a temple by the sea shore. For awhile everything was hopeful. But the Japanese influence was too strong in Loo Choo to allow a Christian missionary to work there without interruption. On the 14th of November, 1846, Dr. Bettelheim, dressed in his best black suit, with a new white necktie and new boots, preached his first reg-

ular sermon in the Loo Chooan language. He had a respectful hearing, and preached again each Sunday until about the middle of December, when further preaching was forbidden by the authorities. But Dr. Bettelheim explained that he only intended to do good to the people, and, instead of ceasing to preach, as he grew more fluent he extended his labors until he was speaking in three places every Lord's day. An English admiral who visited the islands about this time did a great deal to discredit the mission in the eyes of the authorities by telling them that Dr. Bettelheim was not an Englishman.[1] The first real opposition to Dr. Bettelheim's work arose after this admiral's visit. The officials drove away his congregations. They followed him when he visited the sick, and took away the medicines he left. They forbade the people to visit him or to sell him any supplies, and when Commodore Perry visited the islands, in 1853, he found the missionary and the people living in a state of undisguised hostility. The whole of the New Testament had been translated into Loo Chooan and published, but the people could not be induced to read it, and public preaching was out of the question. Before Commodore Perry's final departure a Mr. Moreton had come out from England to be Dr. Bettelheim's successor, and Dr. Bettelheim was glad to accept a passage to Shanghai in one of Perry's vessels. What the Loo Choo Government thought of the matter may be judged from a petition they presented to Commodore Perry concerning it:

1 He was a naturalized British subject.

"Sho Fu Fing, general superintendent of affairs in the Kingdom of Loo Choo, and Ba Rio Si, treasurer at Shuri, earnestly beg your excellency's kind consideration of some circumstances, and that, to show compassion on our little country, you will take away back to their own land Bettelheim and Moreton, who have remained so long here. In the years 1844 and 1846 some French officers came, and the Englishman, Bettelheim, also brought hither his wife and children to reside, and then all required something to be daily given them, to our continual annoyance and trouble. Whenever English or French ships came in we earnestly represented these circumstances to them and besought them to take these people away with them.

"The Frenchmen, knowing our distress, went away in the year 1848, to their own country and have not returned, but Bettelheim has loitered away many years here and has not gone, and now, further, has brought Moreton and his family to take his place and live here, greatly to the discomfort of the people and the distress and inconvenience of the country.

"We have learned that your excellency has authority over all the East India, China, and Japan seas, and not a ship of any Western country can go from one of these seas to the other

but you know and regulate its movements.

"We, therefore, lay before you our sad condition in all its particulars, humbly beseeching your kind regard upon it and requesting that, when your fine ships return, you will take both Bettelheim and Moreton away with you. This will solace and raise us up from our low condition, and oblige us in a way not easy to be expressed. We wish that our life may be prolonged to a thousand autumns in the enjoyment of the highest felicity."

It is not surprising that Moreton did not remain long after Bettelheim's departure. The Loo Choo officials were placed in a difficult position. Personally they had no dislike for Dr. Bettelheim, and they were constantly urged by their Chinese advisers to make use of him to learn what he could teach them of Western medicine, but they could not do so while Christianity was a proscribed religion in Japan, which it was death to preach or profess.

For years after Bettelheim's return no missionary work was done in the islands, but with the removal of the prohibition of Christianity the French Fathers planted a mission in Oshima, a large island which belongs physically to the group, though politically it is separated from it. The mission has been very successful and has a large number of converts. A fine brick church is now building in Naze, the principal town of the island.

In 1892 the Baptist, Episcopalian, and Methodist Churches each opened missions in Naha, all of them depending on Japanese evangelists to carry on their work. Each of these missions has met with considerable success, both among the Japanese residents and among the native Loo Chooans.



A NATIVE MISSIONARY IN LOO CHOO TRAVELING HIS CIRCUIT.

A TRAMP THROUGH SNOW-CLAD JAPAN.

A TRAMP THROUGH SNOW-CLAD JAPAN.

Most people think of Japan as a land of flowers and sunshine, of out-door life and open houses. In the main this is true, but there is another Japan, of long winters and heavy snows, which is almost an unknown land, for the northern and western provinces are rarely visited, and never in winter. It was in the midst of what the Japanese call the *Dai Kan*, or "period of great cold," that I was compelled to take a trip from Hirosaki, in the extreme north of the main island of Japan, to the city of Akita, on the northwest coast, through the very heart of this snow-clad country.

In leaving Hirosaki only one alternative presented itself, to go by "basori" or to walk. The *basori* is a little one-horse sled, with a roof just high enough to sit under, and is curtained all around with sail-cloth; and, while it affords no opportunity to see anything, it presents a splendid opportunity for something at least a first cousin to sea-sickness. So I decided to send my baggage by the *basori* and take the slower and more satisfactory method of walking.

I started on my tramp about eight o'clock, taking the long street called Dote Machi, which, on leaving Hirosaki, becomes the Odate road. It was barely daylight, and the Japanese were

just getting up. They are early risers in summer, but in winter they think like Burns:

"Up in the morning 's no for me,
Up in the morning early!
When a' the hills are covered wi' snow,
I 'm sure it 's winter fairly!"

The stores were just opening as I passed, and a few children were on their way to school. It had snowed the night before, and here and there a sleepy-looking man or, more often, a woman was busy packing the snow in the street. They do not shovel paths, as we do, but they put on a pair of snowshoes about two feet long and a foot wide, made of coarse straw, and with these they pack the snow for pedestrians to walk over the top of it.

The sidewalks in the towns are roofed over, so that they can be used when the snow lies in the streets. While they are a convenience in winter, yet they make the houses dark and cheerless the year round. Japanese architecture is a good illustration of the survival of the fittest. In the south, where the summer dominates the year, the light, open, airy style of houses has become the type; but in the north, where winter is king, the houses have few openings, and wood is generally burned in a big, square chimneyless fireplace in the center of the room. The rooms are large and generally unceiled, to avoid as much as possible the annoyance of the smoke. All this makes the northern houses barnlike in appearance and far from attractive.

In summer the climate of the north is not much cooler than that of Tokyo, but in the win-

ter the thermometer sometimes goes down to zero, and the snow, falling almost every day, piles up until it lies as deep as five or six feet on the level. This year, like all the years, is "remarkable," but the temperature for the month of January has averaged about twenty degrees, rising a little during the day, with perhaps some thawing in the sun, to fall to twenty or below at night. It has been just what we call in New England "fine winter weather."

As the day becomes more advanced I begin to meet the country people coming into town with their produce. They are taller and, as a rule, fairer than the people of Tokyo. Their language differs so much from the dialect of Tokyo that my cook, a Tokyo man, was at first unable to understand them. Not only do they use different words for the same thing, but they seem unable to pronounce or distinguish certain sounds, so that their pronunciation of the same word often makes it unintelligible. The polite phrases and honorific words so common in the courtly language of the capital, have scant use in the ruder and more direct speech of the north. But this does not indicate any lack of essential politeness. The people are kind and open-hearted. The drivers of the sleds, as they pass me, apologize for compelling me to step aside, and one even stopped his horse and packed down the snow by the roadside with his feet, so that I should not have to step into the deep snow.

The road I am following is the old road to Tokyo. While still in fairly good condition, but little remains of its former glory except occasional remnants of the splendid pines which

once lined both sides of it. Along this highway, in April of each year, the Daimyo of Tsugaru used to pass with his retainers. He was required to spend at least half his time with his master, the Shogun, in Tokyo; so he lived six months alternately in his castle in Hirosaki and in his mansion in Tokyo. Thus it happens that some of my friends in Hirosaki, though Tsugaru men, must claim Tokyo as their birthplace, having been born there while their parents were with the Daimyo at the capital. Over this road the pastor of the Methodist church in Hirosaki made a trip with his father about thirty years ago. They went in a *norimono,* or litter, supported on the shoulders of two men, and the journey to Tokyo required twenty-five days. At that time all the soldiers they met were dressed in armor and carried spears and swords. What wonders these thirty years have accomplished! The development of her army, now so prominently before the eyes of the world, is almost the least of Japan's achievements.

The men I pass in the road to-day have made larger use of straw than we should think possible. They wear straw hats, straw hoods, straw coats, straw gloves, straw sandals, low shoes made of straw, high boots made of straw, and leggings of straw. Their horse-blankets are made of straw, and their horses are even shod with it. It is no uncommon thing to see a hungry horse take a nip at the great straw pads which serve him for shoes. And yet, however much use these men of north Japan may make of straw, they are no straw men themselves. In quietness, obedience, and bravery these

northern farmer boys have been the very flower of the Japanese army.

Thirty years ago it was thought that the *samurai,* or military class, possessed the monopoly of soldierly qualities, but the Satsuma rebellion showed that farmers' boys were just as brave and just as loyal as the proud *samurai;* and in the recent war with Russia, and the Japan-China War of 1895, some of the bravest deeds have been done by just such farmers' lads as those I am passing. Such a farmer's boy was Kimura. When the troop of cavalry to which he belonged was surrounded by a large body of Chinese, its captain wounded and his horse shot under him, though wounded himself he leaped from his horse and, lifting his captain into his saddle, fought his way, sword in hand, until he had led the horse to a place of safety.

Four or five miles from my destination there is a hot spring, around which a group of good inns have been built, and here I stopped for my dinner. The spring at its source must be a strong one, as the brook ran with hot water and the snow was melted along its banks. Passing a little house which I took to be a mill, I was attracted by the splash of what I thought was a water-wheel; but, looking in, I found it a bathing-place and that the noise of the water-wheel was caused by the rhythmical way in which two or three bathers were dipping their little pails into hot water and pouring it over their heads.

The Japanese frequent such places as this for all sorts of diseases, as well as for the mere pleasure of bathing. Just now, however, there are but few guests, so that I have undisputed

possession of the bathroom. It was a cold day for a bath, but there is no danger of taking cold in a hot bath, provided one takes it hot enough and immerses himself completely in it. The water was soft and had a slight smell of sulphur. Its temperature was about a hundred and ten degrees.

After passing the hot spring, the rest of my day's tramp lay through a lumbering region famous for its cedar. Here, by a roadside, were a number of sawmills. Each consisted of a rude shed covering three or four strong frames, to which the logs are fastened, while a man with a saw almost as wide as it is long, cuts them into boards. These saws, which are used with both hands, cut with the draw, and not with the push, as with us. The boards are never sawed entirely off, the saw being stopped about an inch from the end of the log. When the log is all sawed up, the loose ends are carefully tied together, and in this condition it is sent to market. The boards are not separated until they are in the carpenter's hands. They are seldom long separated then, for they will find their places side by side in some ceiling or floor, where the grain of the wood is so nicely matched that it is sometimes almost impossible to detect the separate planks of which it is composed.

A little more walking brought me in sight of the village, nestling among the mountains, where I am to spend the night, and it was not long before I had laid aside my snowy shoes and secured a room in its rather poor inn.

A Japanese inn affords somewhat cold comfort on such a night as this, though its rooms are warmer than those in which the fathers of

New England used to sleep, but Japanese *futon* are not so comfortable as feather-beds, and the *hibachi,* with its little pile of glowing coals, is a poor substitute for the great open fire that

"Beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat."

But since the *hibachi* keeps the hands warm, and the addition of three or more wadded Japanese garments serves to keep the body warm, there is really little need of wasting more heat in trying to warm the room.

The day's exercise in the cold air had given me an appetite both for food and sleep, and, though I went to bed with the best of intentions for early rising, the next morning came all too soon. However, I was up and away about eight o'clock, having seventeen miles to walk. The morning was crisp and cold, the sun trying to shine, but seeming unable to do so, and not a breath of air had yet disturbed the snow which lay heavy on the majestic cedars. The brilliancy would have been overwhelming if the sun had shone.

About an hour's climbing brought me to the boundary between the two *Ken,* or Prefectures. A wooden post set up here informed one that to the left lay Aomori Ken, to the right Akita Ken, and that to the center of Akita city the distance was thirty-five *ri,* five *cho,* fifty-four *ken,* and two *shaku,* or, in English, seventy-five miles, six furlongs, one hundred and eighty yards, and two feet. It is safe to infer that these measurements are exact, and that there are no odd inches.

A hundred yards beyond the ken boundary

was a resting-place. The woman who had charge of it wore over her ordinary dress a pair of trousers called *mompe,* fitting closely around the ankle and baggy around the hips. In some parts of Northern Japan these are parts of everybody's winter dress, but this was the first time I had seen them.

After the road passed into Akita Ken, the track, which had been only the width of a sled, widened; for here the snow had been tramped down on each side to a distance of four or five feet from the center track, thus making the snow in the middle of the road seem level with the loose snow on the side. I had no means of telling how deep the untrodden snow might be, but a little misadventure gave me some idea of it. The only sign of life I saw in the mountains was the rabbit tracks, which were everywhere plentiful by the roadside and made me long for a dog and gun and an idle day. At last, seeing many tracks entering a brush pile near the road, and none coming out, I determined to punch it with my stick, and so settle the question, whether these rabbits were like the rabbits in our home woods or whether they were the kind that turned white in winter. With this thought I started for the brush pile, but, venturing one step toward it, I found myself waist deep in the loose snow. The question is still unsettled!

Twelve o'clock brought me to an inn that announced itself as a *Shonin yado,* a "merchants' hotel," and hence, as in olden times in Japan merchants were not supposed to be gentlemen, a second-class place. I was too hungry to mind the classification of the house, but not yet hungry enough to overcome some scruples at its

manifest want of cleanliness—to express the matter negatively. The Spanish proverb came to my mind:

"An egg, an apple, or a nut,
You may take from the hands of a slut,"

and I prepared to follow the advice. I was just bargaining for some chestnuts, when the proprietress produced a handful of eggs, and asked me how I would like them. The Japanese generally eat their eggs raw, but I prefer mine cooked, so she dropped them into the large kettle that hung over her wood-fire and invited me to a seat beside it. Apologizing for the absence of chairs, she produced a box and insisted on my sitting on it in foreign style! When the eggs were sufficiently boiled she took the two iron rods used for fire tongs and, using them as chop-sticks, lifted the eggs out of the kettle as easily as an American woman would have done with a ladle.

While I rested, the weather changed, and the last two or three miles of my journey were done in the face of a driving snowstorm, which made the shelter of the inn at Odate seem doubly welcome.

Odate is a town of about seven thousand people, with twelve hundred houses that are scattered over one hillside and stretch down into another valley. In olden times it was the seat of a petty daimyo, a vassal of the great lord at Akita. While the castle grounds still remain, the castle has gone the way of feudal Japan, and the daimyo himself lives in wretched poverty near the scene of his former greatness.

There is so little to do in Odate in these days that every year many men go to the Hokkaido,

or northern island, to engage in the fisheries. The return of some of these was being celebrated by a feast at my hotel. About twenty-five were present, all men, of course. Three *geisha,* or "singing girls," had come from Akita to entertain them. Wine was flowing freely, one or more of the *geisha* being constantly occupied in filling the little porcelain cups from which *sake,* the native intoxicant, is drunk. The *samisen,* a three-stringed banjo, was kept constantly twanging, sometimes all the girls playing together, and occasionally all the company joining by clapping hands in time to the music. All too often one of the girls would sing in a strident falsetto voice, utterly opposed to all our ideas of music. My room was directly over all this; but I gradually became oblivious, and it ceased some time during the night.

Odate is famous all over Japan for the fish-hooks made here. In the afternoon one of these manufacturers came to call. He had sent an exhibit to the World's Fair, he told me, and he produced a bundle of papers and letters which he wanted me to explain to him. One letter, especially, he unfolded with great respect, telling me that it came from "the place where the American *Daitoryo sama*—'the honorable President'—deigned to reside." He seemed to imagine that it was in some way connected with the *Daitoryo sama* himself. It was a notice from the chairman of the Committee of Awards, to the effect that the award to his exhibit had been sent to the Honorable Commissioner representing Japan, and would in due time be inscribed in the diploma and reach him through the proper channels. I did the best I could to

explain it to him, but the Japanese language is growing so fast that dictionaries can not keep up with it, and "Honorable Commissioner," "diploma," and some other words were not to be found in my pocket dictionary. At last I made him understand it, and I learned that, though he had received this letter more than eight months before, he had not yet received his diploma nor heard what had become of the sixteen dollars' worth of fish-hooks he had sent to America.

Another letter was from the publisher of an American newspaper, suggesting that, as his exhibit was successful, he should have it "written up." The correspondent offered to do this, and illustrate it with his photograph, if he would buy twenty-five hundred copies. It was utterly impossible to make intelligible all the ideas contained in such a proposition as this, and I did not attempt it. Not only were words lacking, but the whole conception of business involved is utterly foreign to an Oriental. Americans sent their goods to the World's Fair because they wanted to advertise their business and increase their trade. This man sent his fish-hooks to the World's Fair for the honor which a medal or a diploma would bring him. Doing his work in his own house, with perhaps two men working with him, he has as many Japanese orders as he can fill; so, while no doubt he would have been glad to have sold the fish-hooks he sent to America, any orders for duplicates of them would only have embarrassed him. Why should he, with a house of his own and a business which gives him a living and makes him famous everywhere as the maker of the best fish-hooks in Japan, trouble

himself to build up a big trade and make money he does not need? Already he is past middle life; in a few more years, though just as able to work as he is now, he will retire, and his son or, if he has no son, his daughter's husband, who will take her family name and become his son, will carry on the business, and he will spend his days in peaceful idleness. He has not saved money, but all these years he has supported his children, he has taught them, he has imparted to them his skill. He will transfer to them the name and goodwill it has taken him so long to make. Is it more than right that they should take their turn and do for him as he has done for them? Such is the idea of business, not only of good Mr. Shimoto of Odate, but of every old-fashioned Japanese artisan. At every exhibition beautiful articles are shown and offered for sale, but no effort is made to take further orders, and the exhibitors seem almost offended sometimes if asked to make duplicates of the wares they have shown.

I suggested to Mr. Shimoto that he send a letter of inquiry to the "Honorable Commissioner," whose address I promised to try to ascertain, and with many bows and profuse thanks he departed. Making inquiries, I found his diploma in the *ken cho,* or "prefectural office," in Akita, where it was being translated. An inquiry made six months later disclosed the fact that it had not even then been received.

The next morning after my interview with the fish-hook maker the weather changed so that further walking was impossible, and the remaining part of my journey was done in *jinrikisha.* So here, as abruptly as ended my tramp, its record must close.

THE FIRST CONSULATE IN JAPAN.



Townsend Harris

From Griffith's "Life and Letters of Townsend Harris." Courtesy Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

THE FIRST CONSULATE IN JAPAN.

On the eastern coast of Japan, about a hundred miles from Tokyo, where the peninsula of Idzu projects into the Pacific Ocean, lie the harbor and town of Shimoda. If quiet heroism can consecrate the place which has witnessed it and make that worthy of pilgrimage, then, of all places in Japan, by the American at least, Shimoda deserves a visit. For here on Thursday, September 4, 1856, Townsend Harris raised the Stars and Stripes, the first consular flag ever seen in the empire of Japan, and here for over eighteen months he lived alone with his secretary.

Commodore Perry deserves the honors he has received for opening the empire of Japan to the world; but it was one thing to come with eight war vessels and all the pomp and circumstance with which he wisely surrounded himself, and quite another thing to land as did Townsend Harris, and live alone, without the protection of a single soldier or the presence of a single war vessel, among a people the majority of whom would have thought it an honor to assassinate him. It was one thing, too, to execute a preliminary treaty of friendship like Perry's, and a vastly more difficult thing patiently to train the proud officials of the Shogun's court to understand the meaning of a treaty and, item by item, to evolve a document

which served as a basis for all subsequent treaties until the recent revision was effected.

Four magnificent quarto volumes made known to the world the minutest doings of Perry; but Harris' modest journals were kept, by his request, until twenty-five years after his death, and have only recently been published.

It was with my national pride stirred by these facts that, in January, 1894, I left Tokyo to visit Shimoda. The second day I reached Atami, a delightful winter resort, protected by the mountains from the northwest winds, which at this season of the year blow almost constantly in Tokyo, and, consequently, enjoying a climate at least fifteen degrees warmer all the time. All the hills are covered with oranges of the small mandarin variety, and rose hedges bloom freely through the winter.

The surf at Atami is something grand, and the views along the shore were as fine as anything I have ever seen. Atami's great curiosity, however, is its geyser, which breaks out three times a day and throws up a great cloud of steam, which can be seen far out at sea. It is now partially enclosed, and an inhalation house has been built over it, which is resorted to by patients with throat troubles; and the local hotels have hot baths right from the spring. The place is much frequented by the Japanese nobility and official class. It has an excellent hotel in European style, though I found comfortable quarters in its Japanese apartments.

From Atami a small steamer runs down the coast forty-six miles to Shimoda. This steamer was expected to reach Atami at eight o'clock in the evening. A little after nine a sharp whist-

ling was heard, and the clerk came to tell me the steamer had come. The night was dark and the surf was running high. The steamer lay out about half a mile. The native boats—"sampans," the foreigners call them—were still drawn up on the beach, about fifty feet out of the water. Half a dozen nearly naked forms were seen, by the light of a single paper lantern, moving around in the darkness, lighting a torch of pine knots, which soon lit up the whole beach. Although the steamer had been overdue for more than an hour, no preparation for meeting her had been made until now. The rule in rural Japan is, never to do anything until you must. Planks were now brought, and laid on the sand in front of the boat. A grease pot was brought out, from which the planks were well lubricated. Then all hands laid hold of the boat and pushed it down until her prow touched the water. Then I was helped in, and a few bales of freight put on board, and all hands laid hold again. Such shouting and groaning I had never heard before. At last her keel floated, and our naked boatmen gave her a final push and, clinging to her side as she glided out, were soon in their places at the oars. Several times I thought we should be upset in the surf, but the men were very skillful and soon brought us alongside of our steamer. She was not over seventy-five feet long and about fifteen feet wide, with an interior all in one large room, occupied in common by passengers, freight, and engines. In getting on board in the darkness, I first stumbled over something which proved to be a large fish. Then I stepped on something else, which

I found to be a man asleep on the floor. At one end of the boat a small, raised platform had been covered with matting, and around it ran a narrow seat covered with carpet. The dim light of a lantern showed about a dozen people stretched out in this space. There was a vacancy about four feet long at one end of the bench, and onto it I threw myself, only to spend the night in tumbling off whenever the vessel rolled a little more heavily than usual. I really think, however, that, hard as my experiences were, it was not as hard on me as on the poor fellow who lay just beneath me. I made a discovery on this little voyage. I thought I knew what it was to be seasick before, but I found that I was mistaken. At least seasickness where one has a steward to bring him gruel before he raises his head from his pillow in the morning, is quite another thing from seasickness on a little coaster like this, where there is no pillow to lift one's head from. But the experiences of the night proved no exception to the rule that even the worst of things can not last forever, for after a while the light began to come in through the ports, and, gathering together what was left of myself, I crawled up on the deck. We ran in sight of the coast all the way, and for three hours I feasted my eyes upon its rocky beauty. Now I had a chance to understand some of the long delays I had noticed the night before. I had thought my case at Atami something peculiar; it was the regular thing. We came into a little port with our whistle blowing with all its might. We let down the anchor. We whistled again, and waited. Again the whistle blew, and again

we waited. After awhile I could see a bustling on the shore, men hurrying around but apparently doing nothing. Then we would whistle again, and at last a boat would come off to us with a little freight or a passenger, and we would weigh anchor and puff off.

I did not count the number of these stops, but at eleven o'clock we rounded a headland and dropped our anchor in the small, land-locked harbor of Shimoda. It was occupied by nothing but Japanese junks, and seems so completely out of the world that it is almost impossible to realize that anything of international interest could ever have happened here. Yet here, in 1854, had come Commodore Perry and the ships of the American squadron, and by the terms of the treaty then executed this little out-of-the-way place had been declared an open port for American shipping. To this same insignificant town, in January, 1855, Commander Adams had come for an exchange of ratifications of the Perry treaty, and from here, on Washington's birthday, he had sailed away, carrying the ratified treaty with him; and in accordance with the terms of that treaty, in August of the following year the United States steamship *San Jacinto,* with the United States Consul-General, Townsend Harris, on board, had come to anchor somewhere near the place where our little vessel lay.

The view from the harbor is as beautiful as when Perry beheld it. Shimoda, with its white stone houses, which are quite unlike anything elsewhere in Japan, lies close at hand; and Kakisaki, where Harris found his home, nestles at the foot of tree-crowned hills. But since

Perry's day an earthquake and a tidal wave have ruined the inner harbor, and the outer harbor has become a mere roadstead.

While I was enjoying the view, a boat from shore came off to us, and strong arms quickly brought us to the stone landing-place. Shimoda is noted for its stone, which is taken from quarries about seven miles distant; and from it has come much of the stone used in the public buildings of Tokyo.

As soon as I found a hotel I set out to see the temple where Commodore Perry and his officers had been entertained, and after lunch I started in a jinrikisha for Kakisaki, the scene of Townsend Harris's housekeeping. A ride of about three miles over a sandy road brought me to the little fishing village. Picturesque objects for the camera—boats drawn up on the beach, huge fish baskets and drying nets—abounded everywhere, but the day was dull and gray and a misty rain was falling, so that successful photography was out of the question. I found the temple without difficulty, though it is still as Harris describes it, "isolated, and approached through the narrow and crooked lanes of a very poor fishing village." An old woman, who opened the door for me, the sole inhabitant of it that I saw, told me that she remembered well the American who used to live there when she was a little girl. Somewhere near this Harris set his flagstaff, the timbers for which cost him seventy-eight dollars, and "with grave reflection" and "queries whether for the good of Japan" he had hoisted his flag, and on the afternoon of the same day dipped it in answer to the *San Jacinto's* part-

ing salute as she sailed out of the harbor and left him alone with his secretary and Dutch interpreter, Mr. Heusken, and their Chinese servants.

Here on the following Sunday he and his secretary had read together the Sunday service of the Episcopal Church, as they continued to do every Sunday during their entire stay.



Photo by H. B. S.

TEMPLE AT KAKISAKI.
First American Consulate in Japan.

Townsend Harris refused to receive any visitors or to transact any business on the Sabbath, and even declined to be present at the ratification of the Russian Treaty because he could not "assist at any such a matter on Sunday." A perusal of Harris's journal lends weight to Dr. Wells Williams's opinion of him. "I have seen a good deal of Townsend Harris since he came up to Shanghai," he writes, "and I should

judge from his conversation that he is a truly Christian man. His success is better explained if the fact be known that it was in answer to prayer."

Here in this temple Harris and Heusken lived together for a year and four days, without seeing an American vessel or receiving a single letter from home. Homesick, discouraged, and really ill, with a larder reduced to "tough chicken, rice, and fish," Harris persevered day after day, with untiring energy, going over the same ground again and again in his conferences with Japanese officials. Yet little by little he succeeded in unmasking their deceit, gaining their confidence, and winning his points.

As I stood looking at the building, trying to photograph it, the crowd of boys who had gathered around me managed to make me understand that there was something else I ought to see, and, under their guidance, I found my way up the hillside near by, where, in a tangle of bamboo grass, were the graves of five American sailors belonging to Perry's squadron. One of the stones had been overthrown by an earthquake and all of them would have been completely hidden in the tall grass if the children's curiosity had not broken a path around them. A more desolate picture of a grave in a strange land it would be hard to find. Two of the sailors who occupied these lonely graves were mere boys, only twenty-one; one of them from Ohio and the other from Hebron, Connecticut. I copied the inscriptions on the leaning stones, and then, as it had begun to rain hard, I was reluctantly compelled to return to my hotel in Shimoda.

In the evening, as I sat reading by my little charcoal fire, a card was sent up to me which proved to belong to the head priest of the temple in whose grounds the graves lie. He was full of apologies for the condition of the graves; he had only been there a few months, the earthquake, etc. I could not understand all that he said, but I think he must have taken me for a representative of the United States looking after the condition of things down there. I have learned since that negotiations were even then in progress in regard to the graves, and that the American minister has had them all put in order.

By the next morning the rain had turned to snow, and further sightseeing and photography were out of the question. So passed the remaining days of my stay, and, compelled by bad weather to give up my proposed tramp over the Idzu hills back to Atami, I was obliged to quit Shimoda as I had entered it—by the small steamer. She sailed at two o'clock in the morning, but this time I had learned wisdom, and, avoiding the dark, foul-smelling excuse for a cabin, I went directly on deck and spent the thirteen hours of the voyage to Tokyo sitting on a hatch.

Shimoda is far out of the track of the ordinary tourist, and few Americans ever see it, but certainly some memorial ought to be erected there to commemorate the heroism of Townsend Harris and permanently to mark the site of the FIRST CONSULATE IN JAPAN.

NAGASAKI—THE CITY BY THE JEWELED SHORE.



Approaching Nagasaki. A Japanese Junk.

NAGASAKI—THE CITY BY THE JEWELED SHORE.

THE long, narrow, mountain-locked bay, at the head of which lies the city of Nagasaki, well deserves the name *Tama-no-Ura,* "the Jewel Shore," which the Japanese give to it. Its marvelous beauty is a clear gain to the tourist, for its coaling advantages bring all the Pacific steamers thither, and every traveler to China or the Philippines is obliged to spend at least one day in the city. But Nagasaki has other interests for the tourist who cares for anything less important than shopping and curios. In such respects it may not be able to offer the attractions of Yokohama or Kobe, but these two cities are parvenues beside Nagasaki. Fifty years ago both of them were mud flats, and neither of them has history or traditions worth inquiring for. The history of Nagasaki, however, extends over seven centuries and is, to a large extent, a history of the progress and commerce of Japan. For during the long period of the nation's isolation Nagasaki was the one spot where intercourse was permitted with the outside world.

In the twelfth century an insignificant fishing village which occupied the site of the present city was given as a fief to one Nagasaki Kotaro, and from this man and his descendants the name Nagasaki is thought to be derived. By

the ordinary process of growth Nagasaki had become a place of considerable importance by the sixteenth century, when it enters into the history of Japan's foreign relations.

In the year 1539 a Portuguese ship visited Japan. This was speedily followed by others. These long voyages had a double, not to say a mixed, motive. They were undertaken for the purpose of trade and also for the sake of spreading religion. In pursuance of the first of these objects the Portuguese merchants obtained permission to trade at Nagasaki, but not before it had become the center from which the priests were carrying on their propaganda. The central government of Japan was too busy with other things about this time to interfere with the work of the priests, and by the year 1567 there was hardly a person in Nagasaki who had not professed Christianity. In November of that year, at the instigation of the priests, a general destruction of Buddhist temples in and around Nagasaki was begun. In 1573 the priests obtained from the daimyo of Omura complete jurisdiction over the territory of Nagasaki. With such an advantage the progress of Christianity became still more rapid, and from 1587 to 1603 the overthrow of the native religions was complete. During this time Nagasaki contained eleven Christian churches, and not a single Buddhist temple or Shinto shrine. The population at the end of this period is said to have been 24,693, and if all of these were even nominal Christians, the success of the missionary priests was little short of marvelous. In the meanwhile a storm of persecution had burst on the Church in other parts of Japan,

which ere long affected Nagasaki. In 1603 the two native religions began to revive, but were still so unpopular that Buddhist priests were stoned on the streets.

Their revenge was not long delayed. A report that the foreigners intended to seize Japan led to an order for the expulsion of the missionaries and the wholesale arrest of their converts. Investigations have cast doubt upon the correctness of the tradition that those who refused to recant were thrown into the sea from little rocky island of Takaboko, or Pappenberg, as the foreigners call it; but that would have been an easy death in comparison with the tortures known to have been inflicted.

To make the suppression of Christianity complete, the practice of *fumiye,* or "trampling on the picture of Christ," was instituted in 1629. Bronze plates made from metal taken from the altars of Christian churches were cast and engraved with the image of Christ on the cross. On the fourth to the ninth day of the first month every one was required to trample and spit upon these plates. Those who refused to do so were expelled from their homes and compelled to take refuge in the woods and fields. If they continued faithful to the religion they had adopted they were taken to the hot springs of Shimabara and boiled to death.

A later edict expelled not only missionaries, but all foreigners, from the country, and forbade the Japanese to go abroad. The only exception to the order was a little company of Dutchmen and a few Chinese merchants, all of whom were confined to Nagasaki. The Dutchmen were shut up in a small artificial island,

called Deshima, about six hundred feet long by two hundred and forty feet wide. It was surrounded by a high fence and had only two gates, which were closed at night and guarded by day. Occasionally, on a written application to the governor made twenty-four hours in advance, the Dutch merchants were permitted to pass beyond the gate for exercise, but never without a numerous retinue of guards and spies. Only two vessels a year were permitted to land, and so small was the trade and so burdened with fees, taxes, and presents, that it does not seem that it ever could have repaid the degrading conditions under which it was carried on.[1]

The presence of these Dutch and Chinese merchants drew Japanese merchants to Nagasaki and made it a trading city, which, since the merchant was at the bottom of the ancient Japanese social scale, means something very different from the idea conveyed to us by the phrase "a commercial city." Even to this day the Japanese consider Nagasaki a most immoral place, and probably it lives up to its reputation.

But still another class of Japanese were attracted to Nagasaki, for there were always scholars and scientists among the little group of Dutchmen in Deshima, and their presence drew thither, in addition to the merchants, an

[1] For the humiliating conditions imposed on the Dutchmen at Nagasaki, a band of petty officials connected with the Shogun's court must be held responsible. Japan had fallen upon a time of little men. The Taiko and Ieyasu, the great men who had consolidated the Empire and given it internal peace, were dead, and as the Japanese proverb goes, "the great man leaves no seed." As Prof. Murdoch points out—History of Japan, Chapter XXIII—the really able men of the earlier period would have found a way to regulate foreign intercourse without resorting to the degrading conditions which the greedy little officials who were placed in charge of the trade thought necessary to impose upon it.



In Nagasaki.

ever-changing company of adventurous spirits, who, standing in the gateway of their walled-in empire, tried to catch a glimpse of the world without. These were young *samurai,* who, through the medium of crabbed Dutch, the only European language accessible to them, were trying to learn something of the arts of war and peace as practiced by Western nations. They were coming to believe that Westerners were not such barbarians as the rest of their countrymen thought them; but the admission cost a man a great deal in those days. Many of these young warriors had renounced their feudal allegiance and were simply *ronin,* "wave men;" unattached samurai, with no military allowances, living from hand to mouth, as best they could, but free to go and come as they pleased.

As a result of these conditions, the native city of Nagasaki still has few attractions. It belonged directly to the Tokugawa Shoguns, to whom all its duties and taxes were paid. It was assigned to the guardianship of different daimyos from time to time, but it never had a castle of its own, and consequently it has no large *samurai* quarter with the handsome houses and large gardens, enclosed with hedges or fine walls, which make the old abodes of the warrior class worth a visit. There are a few picturesque temples, but, compared with the great temples elsewhere in the empire, they have but little interest.

The most noteworthy of the temples of Nagasaki is the Shinto shrine, known as the Osuwa Jinsha, which deserves a visit for the sake of the great camphor trees in the temple grounds and for the view of the town and the harbor

from the hill behind the shrine. This temple is said to have been built in the seventeenth century, to celebrate the stamping out of Christianity. At the time of its erection the Christian influence was still so strong in Nagasaki that the people refused to work upon it or to sell timber for its construction, so that the government was compelled to seize the necessary material and to build it with enforced labor. To win the people back to their national religions, large sums of money were granted by the government to the festivals of this temple, which have always been celebrated in a peculiarly splendid manner. The celebration falls on the ninth day of the ninth month, and is consequently called the *Ku nichi odori,* "the dance of the ninth day." As it is held now it differs but little from the custom of two hundred years ago, as the old Dutch writers have described it. The old celebration is well represented on a pair of gold screens owned by one of the tea houses in Nagasaki. Together they represent the procession passing in review before the officials of the ancient town. From a good location a group of Dutchmen, with their black



FLOAT CARRIED BY ONE CITY WARD.



The Osuwa Shrine.

clothes, peaked hats, big pipes, and tall beer mugs, are watching the festivities. A few Chinese near by are also apparently the governor's guests; just as to-day the foreigners whose names are on the official visiting books are invited by the governor and the mayor to assist them in reviewing the procession. At the present time each of the seventy-seven wards of the city takes part in the ceremony every seventh year, furnishing its quota of dancers and music and paying its share of the expenses. As the eleven wards thus chosen are, in a sense, the hosts of the year, a great cleaning of houses and yards precedes the festivities. The cleaning and repairing extends even to the streets, which are thus thoroughly put in order at least once in seven years. The night before these celebrations begin, the completion of this preparation is signalized by throwing open all the houses in these wards and lighting the tiny gardens in the rear, so that the whole house and garden can be plainly seen from the street. This *O niwa mise,* "showing the gardens," as it is called, affords a good opportunity of seeing Japanese people and Japanese homes at their best.

The other great religious festival at Nagasaki is the *Bon Matsuri,* called by the foreigners the "Feast of Lanterns." All Japan celebrates this, but nowhere is the spectacle more impressive than in Nagasaki. The festival occurs on the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth of the seventh month, when the dead are supposed to revisit the scenes of their former life. The graves, which cover all the hills surrounding the city, are then lighted with thousands of lan-

terns and make a beautiful sight. Families with well-filled lunch-baskets resort to their ancestral graves every evening, and feasting and mirth seems the order of the day. There must be some sad hearts at such times even in Japan, but grief is kept well in the background and an outsider sees no sign of it.

Another Nagasaki festival which is not of a religious nature occurs on the tenth day of the third month, when the hilltops are resorted to by thousands of men and boys for kite-flying. Booths for the sale of refreshments are set up everywhere, and the hills present a lively scene. The contest is not to see who can fly his kite the highest, but by means of strings coated with powdered glass to cut down each other's kites. A great deal of time and money is spent at this pastime every year, but as it occurs on the distant hills, few foreigners see much of it. Residents know the day by their coolies and house boys getting sick, and their carpenters and other laborers quitting work. "Japanese man, he allee fly kite to-day; no can catchee," a Chinese contractor would explain when you inquire why your work is at a standstill.

These festivals and holidays are about all modern Nagasaki retains of the Nagasaki of three hundred years ago. The Dutchmen are gone, and Deshima, where they passed their prison-like life, has so entirely lost its identity in recent foreshore improvements that it is now part of the mainland and lies quite away from the bay. The modern life of Nagasaki dates from 1859, when it became an open port. The first arrivals at the new port were missionaries, who came even before Nagasaki was formally opened to foreign residence. Dr. Verbeck, Dr.



Graves at Nagasaki.

Brown, and Bishop Williams, the pioneers of Japanese mission work, all lived here for a time, and the missions to which they belonged have maintained work in Nagasaki ever since. At present the list of Protestant missions includes the Church Missionary Society, and missions of the Dutch Reformed, the Southern Baptist, and the Methodist Episcopal Churches of America. The latter conducts a flourishing school for boys and a large school for girls, which includes all departments, from kindergarten to classes of college grade. The Dutch Reformed Mission also has schools for boys and girls. Both of these missions are well located on the hill known as Higashi Yama.

If the missionaries were first in entering Nagasaki, trade was not far behind, and as the first port in the empire to be opened to foreign trade Nagasaki had a decided start over her rivals, Yokohama and Kobe. All the great firms doing business in the East at once opened branches and offices there, but as the other ports increased in importance, Nagasaki's star waned. One by one the business houses withdrew, until Nagasaki became the dullest place in the Far East. The American consul drew his salary, but American ships were so few and far between that one of the incumbents of the office is said to have complained of them as a nuisance, and to have expressed a wish that everything might be sent out in British bottoms. The foreign trade of Nagasaki never returned to her, and probably never will. As a distributing center for foreign goods, the city is inconveniently located and can not compare with her northern rivals; but as a shipping point her

safe anchorage, unlimited coal supply, and first-class docking and repairing facilities, added to her geographical position, give Nagasaki unrivaled advantages. All this has given a great impetus to the native town, which has doubled its population in the past ten years. The foreign settlement has grown but little. Its stores and offices occupy the flat land on the east side of the harbor, while most of the private residences are beautifully located on the hills overlooking the bay. There are two or three clubs, a boathouse, an English daily newspaper, a public hall, and an English Church; but so far as its foreign community is concerned, Nagasaki is only a small and much divided village. One-half of its six hundred foreign residents are Russian, American, and British, while the remaining half is made up of fourteen or fifteen nationalities.

Nagasaki's visitors are as varied as her population. The great Pacific liners bring here the people of all nations, and while they may only spend a few hours on shore, they add much to the picturesqueness of the place, which would be dull, indeed, without them. During the Boxer troubles in North China, German, French, and English transports made Nagasaki a port of call, while all the American transports going to Manila have stopped there, so that the sailors and soldiers of all the great nations could be seen in the streets of this truly cosmopolitan place. Nagasaki jinrikisha men can speak a little in many languages, and on the signs in the native town Russian vies with English for the place of honor. The large number of American soldiers who came ashore when-

ever a transport was in the harbor made good times for boatmen, jinrikisha coolies, and small shop-keepers, all of whom complain bitterly of hard times under the present infrequent transport service. It seems so ridiculous to be trundled about in an overgrown baby cab that no one can ride in a jinrikisha for the first time without laughing, and it is easy to tell the soldiers who are going out from the veterans who are coming home. "Say, Bill," I heard one call to a companion one day, "I did n't think that of you; I never thought you 'd let a man pull you that a-way."

The little Japanese policeman has been the soldier's friend and has done all in his power to protect him, but in spite of it all the soldier has been bled on all sides. Jinrikisha fares are everywhere regulated by the police; even in a little interior town I saw the following notice posted in English, which I give *verbatim:*

NOTICE.

> "If a cabman or a jinrikisha man demand an extra or improper wages, report the police station or the detached office, or the policeman goes around."

Such well-meant endeavors on the part of the police fail because the stranger to the port and to all things Japanese can not know what is "an extra or improper wages," so the soldier pays American dollars where he should pay Japanese *yen,* and loses a hundred per cent by it. When he gets a little mellow he becomes chummy with his jinrikisha man and gives him

two dollars where he should give him twenty-five cents. Jinrikisha men became so independent for awhile that they did not care to draw the foreign resident who gave them just what they ought to have, and no more.

The great business features of Nagasaki at present are her facilities for coaling and her docks.

Coaling a ship at Nagasaki is an interesting process. Before a ship has settled to her anchor, the large coal barges bear down upon her. In an incredibly short time a scaffolding of poles is tied in place from the ship's side to the water's edge, and upon each round of the improvised ladder a young girl takes her place, making a line of girls from the barge to the dock, up which living ladder the coal passes to the ship's bunkers. Men in the barges shovel it up in shallow baskets holding a little less than half a bushel. This basket passes from hand to hand until it reaches the ladder, when the first girl seizes it and swings it straight up in front of her above her head, where it is caught by the girl above her; and so it goes on, from girl to girl, never stopping for a single minute until it finds its place in the bunkers of the ship. A line of small boys passes the empty baskets back to the barge to be refilled. Thus hour after hour the work goes on. You take out your watch to time them, and find the rate kept up with the regularity of machinery. Eighteen to the minute, twenty to the minute; laughing, talking the while, still the work goes on. Barge after barge is emptied and replaced by a full one, and yet the living elevator carries up the never-ending line of baskets until



Higashi-Yama, Nagasaki.

Kwassui Girls' School.

American Consulate.

the last bunker is full, and then the ladders come down even quicker than they went up and the vessel is once more ready for her voyage to Hongkong or San Francisco and back.

As an example of what can be done, the Pacific Mail Steamer *Korea* recently came into the harbor at half past six in the morning. Coaling started at eight, and continued until half past two in the afternoon. In the space of six and a half hours 2,300 tons of coal had been taken into the ship's bunkers, an average of 353¾ tons per hour, nearly six tons per minute!

Another industrial feature merits notice; the Mitsu Bishi dockyards and engine works which lie about half way up the harbor, directly opposite the former foreign settlement. They were built about fifty years ago by the Prince of Hizen, under the direction of Dutch engineers, and were afterwards handed over to the Shogun in exchange for a steamer. With the revolution of 1868 they passed into the hands of the imperial government, from which they were purchased in 1884 by the Mitsu Bishi Company, the head of which is Baron Iwasaki. The works have been enlarged and improved until they are superior to anything in the Far East, and their workmanship is worthy to compare with anything in English or American yards. No expense is spared in obtaining tools and machinery of the latest and best patterns, and the indents of this great firm form a great part of the imports of Nagasaki. A technical training-school is maintained in connection with the works, where 205 boys receive instruction entirely at the expense of the firm. A club and library have also been built for the employees.

The firm employs six foreign experts and in all about five thousand men.

Alas! the smoky furnaces and dingy works are doing much to destroy the beauty of the Jewel Shore, just as bustling, noisy Western ways are destroying the quiet, placid Japanese life. Doubtless the change is for the best, but it is a heavy price to pay.



SIEBART'S MONUMENT, OSUWA PARK, NAGASAKI

AFTER THE WAR.

AFTER THE WAR.[1]

WHILE American sympathy during the war was almost wholly with Japan, yet we have not adequately realized that throughout this struggle Japan stood for all those ideals which until now have been the especial heritage of the Anglo-Saxon race. Freedom of speech, of conscience, of religion, justice impartially administered, the cost of government equitably apportioned, the rights of the individual sacredly guarded—all of these are ideals dear to the Anglo-Saxon heart. But not to the Anglo-Saxon heart alone; for all of these the sun-flag of Japan stands, and her victories were the victories of the civilization of the twentieth century over an antiquated, despotic militarism of the eighteenth.

If a dim perception of this began to break on us as the war proceeded, then, as one of the results of the war, Japan has won her rightful place among the nations. And that place is not merely recognition as a great military power. It is not that Japan, in capturing the five hundred and eleven Russian cannons which, as I write these words, are parked outside the main entrance to the imperial palace at Tokyo, has captured and transferred to herself the reputation which Russia has borne so long. While Russia was feared, she could not be respected.

[1] Reprinted from the Methodist Review.

But Japan has proved herself worthy of our respect. We do not know which to admire most, her splendid fighting qualities, the executive ability shown in the organization and equipment of her forces, or the honorable way in which she has conducted her campaigns. There is no exaggeration in saying that Japan used the latest twentieth century appliances to wage a war in the spirit of the Golden Rule. War is supposed to afford few opportunities for the display of such a spirit, but the Japanese treatment of Russian prisoners would have been creditable to any country in the world. It was my privilege to be in the city of Fukuoka on a day when some eight hundred prisoners arrived from Port Arthur. As soon as I got off the train I saw that something unusual was happening, and as my friend and I rode along I noticed that we were objects of a great deal of attention from the crowds of people who lined the streets. But it was not until I alighted at his gate that I heard that a large body of Russian prisoners were expected, and learned that we were probably taken for the earliest arrivals. The Russians were to pass my friend's house on the way to the barracks which had been assigned to them, and the street was full of people waiting for their arrival. A squad of Japanese policemen easily handled the crowd of expectant onlookers, and lined them up in order on one side of the street, bidding them wait quietly. Nor was this enough. Just before the men passed, two more policemen came along and warned the children that they were not to laugh or talk as the Russians passed. After a few minutes of quiet waiting the procession came

in sight. First appeared the chief of police on horseback, then a squad of constables, followed by a company of soldiers marching in absolute silence, their usual stamping tread replaced by one scarcely audible; and then came the great, hulking, gray-coated Russians. A few of them looked serious, more looked simply silly, and all were unspeakably dirty, and in everything but mere avoirdupois distinctly inferior to the Japanese guards. As they passed, many of them turned and grinned at us, apparently surprised to see white faces in such a place. Not a word was spoken, however, and the Japanese crowd gazed at them in absolute silence and, when all had passed, turned and went quietly to their homes. It was a sight never to be forgotten. I do not think such an exhibition of courtesy and self-control under similar circumstances could have been seen anywhere in the world except in Japan. But what I saw that day was not all an exceptional thing. Japan everywhere treated her prisoners with the same consideration and kindness. They were regarded as guests whom the adverse fortune of war had brought to Japan. Some of them were even taught to read and write their own language by their Japanese guards, and sent letters to their friends at home which they learned to write while prisoners of war. No wonder that fifteen Jews among them wrote a letter to the Emperor of Japan beseeching him that, when the war closed, they might remain in Japan and become his subjects! The civilized way in which the Japanese carried on war was also shown by the wonderful organization of their Red Cross and their military hospitals. A few days after that

experience at Fukuoka I visited one of the great Japanese hospitals located at Kokura. It was in charge of my personal friend, Dr. Murata, and in his company I walked through ward after ward, while the doctor told me the history of interesting cases among the four thousand patients under his care. I saw convalescents, almost ready to rejoin their regiments, who had been shot through the head from front to back, but who were recovering with scarcely a scar; a tribute alike to the skill of the surgeons, the sanitary condition of the camp, and the hygiene observed by the men. And what Japan did for her own wounded she did for the wounded Russians as well.

Japan has imitated the best things in every civilized nation; if it will produce the same results, let us have more such imitation. Why has not China, which has been in contact with the Western world so many more years, also achieved the same results? The reason lies in the difference in the character of the two nations. Japan is favorable to new ideas, susceptible to a new form of civilization now, only because she was what she was three hundred years ago. While she has used the best of all the appliances and facilities which the Occident afforded her, yet these mere appliances have not made her what she is to-day. The ideals which we have seen so well displayed by Japan in this war are her own, only manifested in new form and supplemented by the best ideals of the Western world. I have lived for three years in Kagoshima, the capital of the Satsuma Province,—which may be termed the very heart of conservative Japan, less influenced by the

tides of Occidentalism than any other part of the empire—and I can affirm that, in my opinion, mere Occidental influences have not made Japan what she is. Her success in this war was the triumph of Japanese character, and is not so much a tribute to the superiority of her guns—for during almost all the war her artillery was inferior to the Russian—as it is to the character of the man behind the gun. Some people seem to think that the Japanese army was a picked body of men quite superior to the mass of the nation. Towards the close of the war I met an English missionary from Manchuria who labored under this misconception. After praising the conduct of the Japanese army as he had seen it, he added that Japan had shown wonderful wisdom in the way she selected men for her military service. "Why," he exclaimed, "she does n't let a man go into her army who can't read and write!" The actual fact is that the Japanese army, raised as it was by conscription, was not an especially selected body of men, except physically; morally and intellectually it was not a whit superior to the rank and file of the Japanese nation, and from an educational point of view, since none of the students of her high schools and universities were called into the service, the army was hardly equal to the intellectual average of the Japanese people. The wonderful achievements of the Japanese army are not so noteworthy as the spirit in which they were won, and the possession of that spirit was no military monopoly. The whole nation, army, navy, parliament, and people, afforded a magnificent example of team play. Dozens of illustrations could

be given. Listen to the last orders of the commander of one of the ships which were sailing to their death in the attempt to blockade the entrance to Port Arthur:

> "Let every man set aside all thought of making a name for himself, but let us all work together for the attainment of our object. It is a mistaken idea of valor needlessly to court death. Death is not our object, but success, and we die in vain if we do not obtain it. If I die, Lieutenant Yamamoto will take the command, and if he is killed you will take your orders from your warrant officer. Let us keep at it until the last man, until we have carried out our mission."

The spirit which caused Commander Yuasa to issue that order pervades every man, woman, and child in Dai Nippon. "Keeping at it until the last man" made Japan invincible in the war; "keeping at it" has given her a permanent place among the great powers of the world, and "keeping at it" will enable her to leave her mark in the history, not only of the Orient, but of the world.

The second great fact which stands out as the result of the war is the converse of the first. The morning after the battle of the Yalu I met in Nagasaki an English friend, who came to Japan soon after the first opening of the ports and had resided there ever since. He was rubbing his hands with glee. "Oh," said he, "Japan is going to pierce the Russian bubble as she broke the Chinese bubble." My friend's

prediction has come true. Japan has broken the Russian bubble. Not only has the Russian advance received a check, but the real nature of that advance is understood, and Russia is estimated no longer at her own valuation, but at her real worth. "How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!" We still are prone to cling to Philistine standards. Russia is so big that we thought she must be great, and so it proved easy for her to make capital out of her bulk. She hypnotized the world into extravagant ideas of her prowess until public opinion was ready to accept all her preposterous claims to military invincibility. Under cover of this fictitious greatness Russia pushed and elbowed her way across Asia to the Pacific. She began to reach out from her legitimate territory over three hundred years ago, and her annual acquisition of territory since then has amounted to fully 25,000 square miles. This Russian advance is not legitimate colonization. It is not to be compared to the steady advance of a little band of Anglo-Saxon settlers on the eastern shore of a great continent, who have pressed on until they have covered the continent with a line of cities and towns which touch that continent's farthest western shore. Our fathers crossed America because the fertile soil of the wide prairie tempted them. Russia was lured on by no such opportunity. She was shut in by mountains and deserts and wide seas, and has accomplished her expansion only as the result of a definite plan to which she deliberately set herself and in which the future is expected to bring a sufficiently great return for her vast expenditure of life and money.

Our fathers developed the country as they occupied it—at least most of them did; there were some exceptions. I used to know an old farmer in Highland County, Ohio, of whom his neighbors said that "he was always in debt because he wanted to buy all the land which joined his." That is the way Russia has pushed on and on, without stopping to develop the territory she already possesses, and consequently adding to her indebtedness with every conquest. Neither has Russia been impelled to her aggressions by the necessity of providing an outlet for a teeming population. Her resources in Europe are undeveloped, and her territory is vast and thinly populated. In Asia she owns one-third of the entire area, but she has only one-forty-second of the population, while China, with one-fourth the area, has one-half the population, and Great Britain, with only one-ninth of the area, governs one-third of the inhabitants. In no part of Asiatic Russia is one-tenth of the land under cultivation, and nowhere is there a sufficiency of inhabitants to develop the resources. Posing, as Russia does, as a Christian nation, we should suppose that her first aim would be to educate her people and Christianize the vast numbers of Mohammedans and pagans within her borders, but she makes little attempt to preach the gospel among the Asiatic tribes, and their education is wholly neglected. And not only does Russia herself neglect this vast non-Christian population, but she refuses to allow any one else to care for them. Even during her brief occupation of Manchuria Russian generals tried to interfere with long-established missions there, and had

Korea come under her sway one of her first acts would have been the expulsion of our missionaries and the suppression of our flourishing missionary work. So well was this danger understood that six years ago a leading member of one of the missions in Korea said to me: "We have not gone into institutional work in Korea because we do not care to build up anything which the Koreans can not carry on when Russia drives us out." Thank God, our work is saved that peril, as one of the results of the war!

In another respect, also, the Russian advance differs from the American advance. From the beginning it has been a record of cruelty so shocking that it is easy to see why Russian officials have looked with disfavor on the travelers and correspondents who have endeavored to penetrate her territory and report their doings, for some things are best done in the dark. The early Russian exploiters of Siberia were looked upon by the native tribes as devils incarnate, and the saying was current that the Muscovites "would make gridirons of the parents on which to roast the children." Russia's record in Manchuria during the Boxer troubles shows little improvement over her behavior three hundred years ago. If this is the true nature of the Russian advance, why, it may be asked, does it succeed? The answer is, Russia's advance succeeds because her settled policy never changes. Russia can wait. If not to-day, then to-morrow, the next year, the next decade, will bring the coveted opportunity. America, England, all the countries where popular will has a voice in the affairs of government, are subject

to change of policy and can scarcely carry through a fixed policy unchanged for a single decade. For example: America, during President Fillmore's administration, adopted a strong foreign policy and sent an expedition to open the ports of Japan to our trade. After the treaty had been signed and a representative had been sent to Japan to carry it into effect, a new administration came into power which was interested in other things. For eighteen months it allowed Townsend Harris, our representative, to fret his heart out with loneliness, with never a dispatch from his government, and never even a newspaper from home. England, too, has a few years of a strong foreign policy, and then the government changes, and a "Little England" policy lets slip all that has been gained. But Russia knows but one policy and has but one watchword: "Forward, march!" With bayonets fixed and bands playing, her armies go forth, year in and year out, to Russianize Asia. The Russian advance succeeds also because for the accomplishment of her purpose she maintains a host of willing agents on her frontiers; "men who," to quote Lord Curzon, "care very little about morals and a great deal about medals." If their aggressive action fails, or is challenged, it is easy for the government at St. Petersburg to deny all responsibility for it; but if it succeeds, no previous promise, no solemn agreement, no moral right, no sensitive conscience will hinder Russia from availing herself of the advantage. With the Anglo-Saxon, international conventions are something binding alike for advantage or for loss; but with the Slav they are to be

kept just as long as gain accrues or necessity compels. "Honesty in these matters," said a Russian diplomatist quoted by Alexis Krause, "is a relative term. I may make statements to you to-day in all good faith, and feel justified in pledging myself to be absolutely bound by them, my actions being based upon one set of circumstances. To-morrow I may learn that some of the circumstances which guided my judgment have materially altered. Am I to be expected to abide by a pledge made yesterday? Certainly not."

With this frank avowal of its underlying principles before us, it would be profitable if we were to count up the long list of violated treaties and broken agreements which make up what is called Russian diplomacy, but from one instance we may learn all. To select an example entirely removed from the scene of the present controversy, take the occupation of Khiva. Khiva possessed international importance as one of the northern gates of India. Rumors of an intended Russian expedition against it reached London, and caused so much excitement there that the Tzar dispatched Count Schouvaloff to England, as a special embassy, to explain the Russian intentions. He arrived in London in January, 1873, and in frequent interviews with Lord Granville he reiterated numerous platitudes expressing the deep friendship of his master, Alexander II, for England, and volunteered a number of pledges as to the absence of any intention on the part of Russia to annex territory in Central Asia. The sole object of the Khivan expedition was to punish acts of brigandage, to recover

fifty Russian prisoners, and to teach the Khivan Khan that such conduct on his part could not be continued with impunity. The Russian envoy declared that positive orders had been issued to prevent the annexation of Khiva and that the conditions imposed be such as would not lead to the prolonged occupation of the territory. England received these assurances just as she would have desired her own pledges to be received—believed them, and did nothing; and Russia took Khiva, and is there to-day, and miles beyond it. An incident in connection with this taking of Khiva illustrates how Russian aggression is pushed by irresponsible medal hunters. The expedition against the place was divided into three columns. That under General Kauffman, the commander-in-chief, arrived late and found Khiva virtually taken and no chance left for fighting or glory. Therefore an expedition was ordered against the Yomud Turkomans, a peaceful tribe who had been very friendly to the Russians and whom there was no possible reason for attacking. They had sent their elders at once, on the fall of Khiva, to show their submission to the Russian yoke. But General Kauffman announced that he had decided on a payment from them of 300,000 rubles, one-third to be paid in ten days and the remainder five days later. The nomadic Yomuds could not possibly raise such a sum at short notice, and an order was given for the extermination of the whole tribe. The general who carried out the order conveyed it to his staff in these words: "You are not to spare either sex or age. Kill all of them!" And, remember, this did not happen in the

Middle Ages; it was merely the way in which Russia carried on her civilizing and Christianizing mission so lately as August, 1873. General Kauffman received the Cross of Saint George for his hideous massacre, and his success encouraged other officers to imitate his tactics.

Russia has not in the least changed her principles or her lack of principles. She is still as ready with plausible explanations and excuses to cover her aggressions and violations of treaties as she ever was. Even as I write this the daily paper affords a new illustration. I quote from a Los Angeles daily paper of July, 1906:

TREATY NOT VIOLATED.

"The occupation by Russia of the Aland Islands, between Finland and Sweden, the Associated Press is officially informed, is one of the measures taken to prevent the smuggling of arms and ammunition through Finland into Russia, and there is no intention of violating the Treaty of Paris, of 1856, by rebuilding the fortifications of Bomarsund destroyed by the British fleet during the Crimean War. The military force sent to the islands consists of a few hundred marines and infantry, who are living in tents."

Could anything sound more plausible than that? And yet, if nothing is done and no protest is made, the few hundred marines will grow to thousands and their tents to permanent forti-

fications under the very eyes of the powers with whom Russia made the Paris treaty. At least the history of Russia's conduct in regard to the port of Batoum warrants such a conclusion. By the treaty of Berlin, Batoum was ceded to Russia on condition that it was not to be fortified and was to be maintained as a free port. These restrictions were doubtless agreed to by Russia, with the mental reservation that they were to be observed only temporarily, for in July, 1886, Russia notified the powers that Batoum would cease to be a free port; and at the same time that the Russian tariff was introduced, the fortifications, which (the treaty of Berlin notwithstanding) had already been commenced, were carried on until Batoum is one of the strongest positions on the Black Sea. If we may judge the future by the past, Russia will carry out the provisions of the treaty of Portsmouth just as far as she is compelled to do so. Her purpose is checked, but not changed; and that purpose, as viewed by those responsible for her policy, is not to develop territory, nor to refine people, but to use the territory she already possesses as a foothold for further conquests, until, by dint of an ever-forward movement, she possesses not merely India, China, or Persia, but the whole of the Asiatic continent, which, under the sway of the Great White Tsar, may control the destinies of the world. In checking that advance, Japan fought our battle, and her triumph is the triumph of Anglo-Saxon ideals over the imperialistic dreams of the Slav. It remains for us to see to it that the provisions of that treaty, entered into on our own shores and under our own patronage, are duly

carried out; and when Russian conceit and aggressiveness recover—as ere long they will—from the shock they have received, Russia should find the Anglo-Saxon world and the Japanese empire united to oppose her and to turn her back from wild dreams of conquest to her true mission—the development and enlightenment of the oppressed and down-trodden millions already under her control. In that case the war will not have been fought in vain, and in thus checking the white peril, the yellow peril will be forever laid to rest.

Under the term "yellow peril" two wholly different ideas are included. One is a physical peril; an irruption of barbarism like that of Attila and his Huns—armed, united, ready to bear down and destroy the white race from the face of the earth. The other idea is that of commercial peril; a competition in industrial and manufacturing affairs so keen and cruel that the business enterprises of the Western world can not stand against it. It will be a great help, in considering this question, to keep the two ideas distinct; the more so as some of those who fear the business peril most have darkened their speech by many words about the physical peril. The physical side of the yellow peril is the "correlate of the white peril." If a race war should ever occur, led by one of the yellow races, it will be because of the aggression of the white races. While Russia is the worst, she is not the only nation whose aggressiveness threatens the peace of the Far East. Next to Russia stands Germany, and the rule of the "mailed fist" is only less cruel than that of the "booted Slav." Like Russia, Germany is a

military empire; but, unlike Russia, she has great and ever-increasing commercial interests, and, while the vision of vast hordes of Chinese, Siamese, and Indians, led by Japan, making successful war upon Europe appeals to the vivid Russian imagination, the prospect of commercial competition appeals still more strongly to Germany, and most of the cry of the "yellow peril" has come from her—if indeed the whole thing should not be marked "Made in Germany," like so many of the wares, dubbed "cheap and nasty" by the Englishman, to be found in the shops of the Far East. German methods of aggression are well illustrated in their seizure of Kiaochow, which occurred in 1897. In the autumn of that year two German missionaries were murdered in the Chinese peninsula of Shantung. Representations were at once made to the Chinese Government, and indemnity and reparation were demanded. In November of the same year, while negotiations were in progress in Peking, a German squadron put into Kiaochow Bay, landed a strong detachment of sailors, and hoisted the German flag. On March 6, 1898, the Kiaochow Convention, with mining and railroad concessions, was signed at Peking, and Germany, by the use of the "mailed fist," drove her first wedge into China. The Kiaochow Convention is a very brief document, but it is long enough to give Germany such a railway and mining monopoly in Shantung that no one else can do anything in that part of China without incurring Germany's displeasure. Since the signing of this convention millions of German money have been spent in Kiaochow. Tsingtau, the port, has become a German city.

I spent a day there in 1904, with a German editor from Shanghai as my companion, and I saw all there was to be seen. The city is built with the traditional German solidity and thoroughness. The streets are broad and well laid out, and the sidewalks are so spacious that they would not be crowded even in the busiest part of New York. Electricity lights the town, a splendid water supply has been installed, and thousands of dollars have been spent in planting out trees on the hills above the town. There are dwellings, offices, stores, hospitals, hotels; all government built and bearing the German mark. There is everything a city needs at Tsingtau except business. It is, in fact, an inverted city. Like the Queen in "Alice in Wonderland," who executed her prisoner first and tried him afterward, Germany has built her city first and hopes to get the business to justify it afterwards. But her expenditure grows larger every year, and the place can hardly become self-supporting in the lifetime of the present inhabitants. It is clear that Tsingtau is not designed for present profit, but, like the Russian Dalny and Port Arthur, Tsingtau was built as the starting point for the Germanization of that part of China.

Nor are these masters in the art of aggression the only nations represented on the soil of China. France has her possessions there, about which little that is good can be said, and even Great Britain, far and away better as her mild rule is than that of Russia, is not represented in China merely for the good of the Chinese. Then, in addition to the great powers, all the smaller powers of Europe are repre-

sented by a host of hungry concessionaires, all eager to catch any financial crumb which may come their way.

The only way to appreciate these things is to try to put ourselves in China's place and consider how we should feel if the case were turned around. We complain because of the few tens of thousands of dollars sent away from our country by the Chinese and Japanese who come to us as laborers or as business men. Let us remember that no European is in China to stay, that he does not invest his money there for the enrichment of Asia, but that its dividends are to enable him to return to England, or France, or Germany, for a quiet old age of wealthy retirement. Then, too, while the Chinaman in our country is the meekest of men, the European in China is the most arrogant man on earth. With a few exceptions, he scorns the native as the dust under his feet. It is hardly necessary to give illustrations of what is a matter of common knowledge. One or two out of many possible will suffice. A few years ago, in Chefoo, I noticed a foreigner buying some fruit at a native stand immediately in the rear of the Sea View Hotel. A crowd of idle coolies gathered around, watching the proceedings, and one of them inadvertently crowded upon the foreigner. The latter, without a word, kicked him off the pavement, and one of the Taotai's Chinese policemen, finding him lying in the gutter, beat him with his bamboo stick for being there. On the voyage returning to Japan from the same trip I met a German commercial man from Tientsin. He was complaining of the jinrikisha men in that city.

They were being spoiled, he said, by the presence of so many army officers, who paid them more than their rightful fare. "Why, they have gotten so that they are not willing to draw a civilian! If you hail a jinrikisha outside of the club the man tells you he has a fare inside. But when a jinrikisha man tells me that, I just give him a few cuts over the head with this," and he displayed an ugly whip, with a lash about eighteen inches long. "He always takes me all right after that," he added. The Chinese is patient, he suffers long; but he is not kinder in his heart than the rest of us, and the white man, by his arrogance and brutality toward the yellow man, will in time beget such feelings of hatred and indignation that some day the yellow man will rise and sweep the white man out of China. The white peril is the real root of the yellow peril. Japan was one of the earliest Oriental countries to meet the white peril, and she warded it off in a characteristic way: she closed the country to all foreign intercourse, which was the best thing she could have done under the circumstances; for she lost little by these three hundred years of seclusion. They were years of peace, during which the arts of Japan had that development which is the wonder of the world. When Japan was once more compelled to open her gates to the white man she resolved to meet him with his own instruments. She welcomed him, but only for what he had to give her. She did not allow him to exploit her for his own enrichment. She gave the white man no concessions. He built railways, but not for himself. He commanded steamers, but they flew the flag of Japan. Just

as soon as she could do so, Japan dispensed with her foreign helpers in every department of her national life. In her dockyards there are still a handful; one or two are connected with her railways; an adviser or two lingers in government service, and a score or two are teaching in her schools; but that is all. Under these circumstances it was natural that we should hear a great deal about Japan's anti-foreign spirit. In the course of thirty-five years the number of government employees who have been superseded and dismissed has been very large, and many of them have had much to say about Japan's narrow and exclusive spirit, until such has grown to be the common talk of the open ports. But, looking at the case dispassionately, and again trying to put ourselves in Japan's place, must we not admire this spirit of self-reliance? and is not the almost complete elimination of the foreigner from the Japanese public service the surest proof that Japan's progress is really her own? I think there can be but one answer to that question. For two hundred and fifty years the governing classes of Japan endeavored systematically to inculcate hatred of the white man and of his religion as a measure of defense against the white peril; especially in Satsuma I have met the grossest exaggerations and caricatures of Christianity: but the people even there are learning that these are only what the Buddhists call *hoben,* "lies told for expediency," and the farmers and merchants to-day have no anti-foreign feeling. As for the official classes having lost their inherited fear of the white man, they are ceasing to hate him, and for the last

four years, in all parts of the country, nothing could have been more cordial than the relations of officials with foreigners. These cordial relations the war has had a tendency to strengthen, for Japan's success has roused no anti-foreign spirit among her people. The war taught the Japanese to discriminate among white men, and the English Alliance and the widespread sympathy of the United States for Japan have driven the last nail into the coffin of the yellow peril, so far as Japan is concerned. Japan could no more become the leader of a horde of yellow men in a race war than the United States could; and before we condemn Japan for any exhibition of anti-foreign spirit which some ignorant mob may occasionally manifest, we should ask ourselves if we would be willing to have condemnation passed upon our country as a whole for every local exhibition of anti-foreign temper or even mob violence. England, by allying herself with Japan, broke the solidarity of both races at a single stroke; for Japan, on her part, by entering into that alliance, came out from the yellow races and placed herself by the side of England and America as the supporter of the cause of civilization. But what of the other kind of peril, the commercial competition of Japan? That is unavoidable, for Japan must come into the world's competition. Her geographical position, the density of her population, and the confined nature of her territory, all point her to a commercial and manufacturing career. Japan's statesmen recognize this, and her new tariff is shaped on the American principle of protection and must develop her nascent industries. But yet all these

things need not cause any alarm to this country. The cost of living in Japan has been increasing by leaps and bounds, and at the present rate must soon equal that in most European countries. And when this happens, Japan's relative advantage must cease. It will be our own fault if the new industrial Japan is not an ever-increasing customer for our cotton and other raw materials. We will build her machinery, and our capital may assist in the development of her enterprise, so that the two peoples may work together for the common good of all. Germany, the home of the warning watchword of the yellow peril, has had much to say about an American peril, but we do not feel called upon on that account to close our mills. Let us then be fair and generous in our treatment of Japan. She has had much reason to hate the foreigner. Let us, by our generous recognition of her virtues, by our sympathy with her endeavors, and by our kind treatment of her people within our borders, show the island empire that we have no race prejudices ourselves, and then, if the future should bring a yellow peril in China or precipitate a white peril there, we shall find Japan standing with us for equality and right, for civilization and enlightenment, against whatever foe may imperil them.

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